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AMAZONS IN THE TSAR'S DOMINIONS: THE WOMEN WARRIORS OF TRANS-BAIKALIA.

Some time ago it was proposed to raise a corps of Russian Amazons, and Marie Petrovna, a skilled shot and horsewoman, demanded to be enrolled as a Cossack. Women warriors already exist among the Trans-Baikalian tribes.

CHILDREN TEETHING

TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S

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FOR CHILDREN TEETHING

Has been used over 50 years by millions of mothers for their children while teething with perfect success. It SOOTHES the child, softens the gums, allays all PAIN, cures WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHŒA.

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PARKER'S, Dept. 38, Lancaster.

THE LAST FEW DAYS.

NOTES ON NEWS.

Ambush II.

The skeleton of Ambush II., the King's famous steeplechaser, which won the Grand National in 1900, has now been erected in the veterinary school of the Liverpool University, to which it was presented by His Majesty. It is mounted on an ebony base, with the left forefoot slightly raised. A silver plate will be fixed giving a short history of the horse's career.

Prince Edward's History.

A good story about little Prince Edward of Wales, now nearly eleven years old, is going round. He has been diligently studying English history, and was being examined on the period of Henry VII. "Who was Perkin Warbeck?" was the question. "Perkin Warbeck was a pretender. He pretended he was the son of a king, but he wasn't. He was the son of respectable parents!"

Dog to the Rescue.

A dog rendered valuable aid in frustrating a daring attempt to carry off a portion of His Majesty's mail at Leicester last week. A postman named John Neale was conveying two mail bags to the railway station when two men pounced upon him from behind. Neale struggled pluckily with his assailants, and succeeded in retaining the bags while his dog pinned one of the men by the leg. The would-be thieves eventually decamped.

A Rising of the Clans.

Lord Tullibardine, who commanded the Scottish Horse in South Africa, is arranging for a spectacle that ought to be an interesting object-lesson in the manners of the past—a rising of the clans in the Athole district of Perthshire. The general plan, says *Country Life*, appears to be that a force drawn from the upland farms shall go out as if on a foray, and shall be met and countered by a force coming from Dunkeld. This mimic encounter will take place on ground that has seen many a real and sanguinary fray.

King Alfred's Burial-Place.

The site of the ancient Abbey of Hyde (a portion of which was acquired by the City of Winchester) is to be explored, and the foundations of the abbey known to exist are to be uncovered. The project, if carefully carried out, will, it is anticipated, lead to the identification with some certainty of approximately the last burial-place of the first King Edward, King Alfred the Great and his wife Aelswitha, the good monk St. Grimbald, and others.

Moses Without Bulrushes.

There are no bulrushes in Sir Lawrence Alma Tadema's new Academy picture, "The Finding of Moses." He gives learned reasons for the omission. The word translated "bulrushes" in the Bible really means "papyrus," which was made from reeds. What Moses' mother did, says Sir Lawrence, was to make an ark of papyrus, and rub it over with the White Nile mud. It is that ark of papyrus that he has painted. Finally, there are no bulrushes on the Nile.

Discipline in the Army.

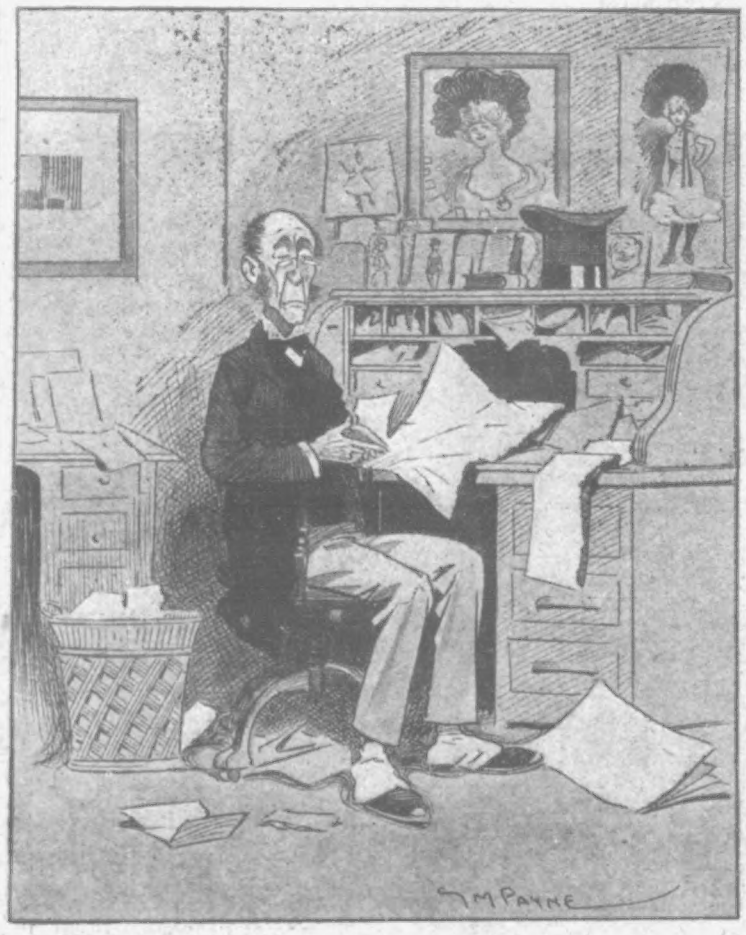
Though well-behaved as a rule, monkeys, as well as men, sometimes break the rules of discipline and get themselves into trouble. Such offences against good order are unpardonable in the Army, and Jim, the pampered pet baboon of the 3rd Battalion West Riding Regiment, has, in consequence, been dismissed the corps. His crime is absence without leave, added to sundry unfriendly visits to neighbouring poultry yards, and henceforth he is condemned to durance vile in the Manchester Zoological Gardens.

Boy Emigrants' Farewell.

Twelve hours after he had uttered his farewell words at the close of the Albert Hall Mission, Mr. Alexander was engaged in an interesting service at Paddington Station. Passengers on the departure platform were startled by the strains of the "Glory Song" coming from 366 lusty young throats in the shareholders' room. They were boys from Dr. Barnardo's Homes commencing their journey to Canada. They listened closely to a short, encouraging address by Mr. Alexander, and were then presented with hymn books.

Privileged Hawkers.

For over seventy years a fruit stall has stood just inside Change Alley in the City, but, at the end of last week, it disappeared. It is at least thirty years since a new licence for a stall in a City throughfare has been granted. As the original "lessees" die out the police refuse any renewal on the ground of interference with the foot traffic. In December last, Joseph Isaacs, who owned the Change Alley stall, died at the age of ninety. Eight years ago the police told his son, Henry Isaacs, that he must go when his father died. When the death of the old man took place the Commissioner granted a three months' reprieve to enable Henry to get rid of his stock.



LITERARY MISFITS: Possible editors of possible papers. The editor of "Frivolous Bits."

IT WAS APRIL 1st.

NEWSVENDOR (with small sense of humour): "Wonder why nobody wants a paper this morning!"

Captives of Akbar Khan.

Major-General Warrand writes from Westhorpe, Nottinghamshire:—

In the obituary notice in the *Daily Graphic*, Mrs. Waller is stated to have been the last survivor of the Afghanistan prisoners of 1842. I am glad to be able to inform you that my friend Major-General W. S. Trevor, R.E., V.C., is still alive and well. His mother and seven children were made prisoners by Akbar Khan, who was much pleased with the plucky little English boys, and often made them fight Afghan boys of the same age with fists. He would reward little Willie S. Trevor with a leg of mutton when he conquered a native boy bigger than himself, and at that early age Willie gave evidence of the courage which afterwards gained him the Victoria Cross.

The Original "Kipper."

The *Chronicle* enlightens us on the etymology of the word "kipper." The word seems properly to have meant the male salmon at the season when his fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love, and he develops a sort of beak, or "kip," with which to fight his rivals in a lady salmon's affections. Whether his name came from this "kip," or from the Dutch "kippen," to hatch, seems to be a nice point in philology. During "kipper time" it was not possible to get palatable fresh salmon, and cured salmon took its place. Hence the "kippered" herring of to-day.

Any Port in a Storm!

A lady living at Gillingham, Kent, the wife of a naval man, on returning from a walk, found that a man had forced an entry into her house, undressed himself, and gone to bed. He was snoring peacefully when she discovered him. The lady promptly locked her bedroom door, and sent for the police, who found the intruder stupid from the effects of a drinking bout. About a quarter of an hour elapsed before he could be convinced that he was not at home. His own house, by the way, was at the other end of the town.

Undergraduate Newsboy.

Standing in Piccadilly with a newspaper contents bill fastened round his body, Geoffrey Aspinall, twenty, an undergraduate of Trinity College, Cambridge, was crying lustily, "All the latest news," when a policeman interfered.

At Marlborough Street Police Court Aspinall was charged with being drunk and disorderly.

Mr. Denman: "Is it true that you were selling newspapers?"

Aspinall: "Yes, sir, quite true."

Mr. Denman: "That is better than doing nothing. Pay 7s. 6d. or five days' imprisonment."

Home from Prison.

From five years' penal servitude came home last week James Mayfield, a butcher, York Street, Wolverhampton, who had been convicted of wounding his daughter. Neighbours, who have always considered him innocent, welcomed him enthusiastically, and, followed by a thousand people, he was borne home shoulder high from the railway station.

Startling Figures.

Could you get more cogent proof of the imperative need of an Aliens' Bill than the figures which Sir Thomas Dewar has succeeded in extracting from the Home Office? asks the *People*. In 1904, 4,397 aliens were received into the prisons of England and Wales. You and I have to keep these pests as a reward for having brought them over here to pick our pockets and cut our throats. What is the average number of crimes committed by each individual among them before they are detected and imprisoned?—it can hardly be less than one. That gives us nearly nine thousand crimes—a figure probably grotesquely under the mark—which these people have committed amongst us. Think of it—of all it represents!

Men of the North Sea.

The North Sea, from which more than four-fifths of our fish comes, is nowhere so deep (says "Britain at Work") but that the cross on St. Paul's Cathedral would be exposed—if it were possible to transport that handsome structure and drop it down in the German Ocean; while in other spots frequented by the fishermen, a goodly portion of the dome would also appear above the waves, and in certain places on the Dogger Bank the west door would scarcely be covered. If it were otherwise, the trawl fishermen's attention would perforce be confined entirely to the coast limits instead of his being able, as is the case, to let down his trawl practically anywhere he wishes within the limits of the North Sea.

Duel by Suicide.

Herr Fuhleroth, a young engineer of Hamburg, and his newly married wife have committed suicide as the result of an American duel.

Six weeks ago Herr Fuhleroth, then a single man, was involved in a trivial quarrel at a restaurant, and, the other participant being physically incapable of fighting a duel, it was agreed to settle the dispute in American fashion. They drew lots which should commit suicide within six weeks, and Herr Fuhleroth drew the fatal lot. His wedding was approaching, and his *fiancée* extracted the secret from him. The young couple proceeded to England, and were married in London. Then they returned to Hamburg, and committed suicide together.

THE NEWS OF THE WEEK.

WITH PEN, PENCIL, AND CAMERA.

The King's Health.

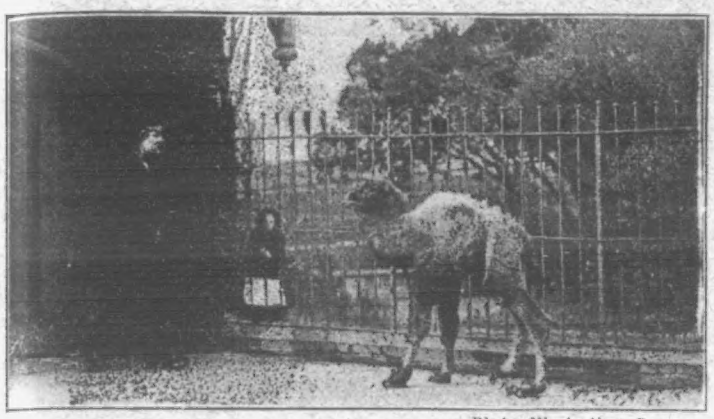
The recent indisposition of the King was more severe than was generally known, but His Majesty has been very much better during the past few days, and is looking forward to his forthcoming cruise in the Mediterranean to restore his strength completely. The King will join the Queen and Princess Victoria on the royal yacht at Marseilles, and if the weather prove fine the cruise may be extended as far as Greece, although any inconvenience from stress of weather will be avoided on account of the convalescence of Princess Victoria. The Corinth Canal Company have given permission for the royal yacht to traverse the canal.

Leaving London on Thursday morning the King will cross from Dover by the turbine steamer *Queen* to Calais, travelling thence direct to Marseilles. The cruiser *Marseillaise* has been detached from the French northern squadron to escort the King on his arrival in French waters.

Lord Salisbury will accompany His Majesty as Cabinet Minister in waiting. Lord Farquhar, Colonel the Hon. H. Legge, and the Hon. H. Stonor, who are now on board the *Victoria and Albert*, will continue to form part of the royal suite.

The Queen at Genoa.

The royal yacht arrived at Genoa on April 3rd, with the cruiser *Cornwall* as an escort. All the vessels in harbour dressed ship, and a salute was fired by the shore batteries. Queen Alexandra was suffering from a headache, and for this reason the sightseers who lined the harbour were disappointed in their hope of catching a glimpse of Her Majesty. But the indisposition was slight. The Duchess of Aosta and the British Consul General visited the yacht, and during the afternoon the Queen and the Duchess landed, and drove to the Stagliano Cemetery, in the outskirts of the town. They were enthusiastically welcomed by the crowd.



Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

This photograph shows a four-days-old camel, which was born in the Zoological Gardens, London. It was brought out in the light for the first time to be photographed.

The Prince of Wales' Illness.

"Marlborough House, April 3, 1905.

"Owing to a slight operation performed this morning, His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales will be confined to his room for a few days. As His Royal Highness' condition gives rise to no uneasiness, no bulletins will be issued.

"F. H. LAKING.

"FREDERICK TREVES."

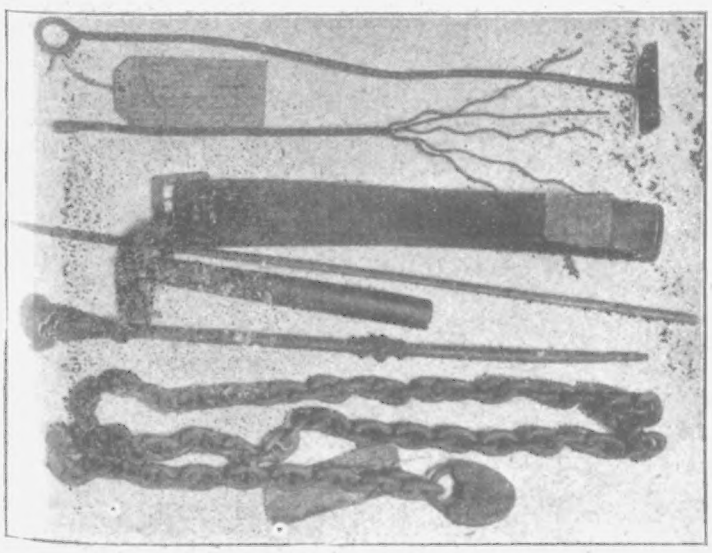
The above official statement caused no little surprise and some anxiety, for the news of the Prince's indisposition was totally unexpected. It soon transpired however, that no cause for anxiety existed. The Prince of Wales has been suffering for some little time from an external local affection of the nature of a boil. As it caused much inconvenience and considerable pain, the slight operation involved was decided upon on Saturday. At the King's request, Sir Frederick Treves operated, and the anæsthetic was administered under the direction of Sir Francis Laking. The operation was completely successful, and at the time of going to press the Prince was expected to be up again in about three days, when the wound will have healed.

Photo, Thomson.

A Duchess with a hundred and fifty descendants: the late Dowager Duchess of Abercorn.

A Duchess with 150 Descendants.

The Dowager Duchess of Abercorn, who will be ninety-three next July, is certainly the most remarkable nonagenarian living. Herself a duke's daughter, and a grand-daughter, through her mother, of the famous Duchess of Gordon, she became the wife, seventy-two years ago, of that great noble who was early in his career nicknamed "Old Splendid." Among her hundred and fifty descendants are no fewer than four actual or potential wearers of the strawberry-leaves—the Dowager Duchess's own son, the present Duke of Abercorn; her grandson, the Duke of Marlborough; yet another grandson, eldest son and heir to the Duke of Buccleuch; and a great-grandson, the son of Mr. Victor Cavendish, who will, doubtless, one day find himself Duke of Devonshire. The venerable Dowager Duchess has also a unique claim to fame, and one which, strangely enough, did not befall Queen Victoria, though it might actually have done so. She is a great-great-grandmother, having become so on the birth of a little daughter to Lady Bertha Egerton, who is grand-daughter to the Dowager Duchess's eldest daughter, the Dowager Lady Lichfield.



SOME INSTRUMENTS WITH WHICH CHILDREN HAVE BEEN TORTURED: Collected by the Rev. B. Waugh, of the R.S.P.C.C.

Photo, Topical.

MR. C. S. EGERTON, the newly-appointed senior superintendent of the London Fire Brigade.

THE MASKED MURDER CASE: The principal witness.

A Child Heroine.

Lily Spell, aged 12, waded into the sea at Westcliff and rescued a boy who had fallen off a breakwater. She had entered the water up to her shoulders before she could reach him.

"Fighting Parson's" Plucky Feat.

A troop horse bolted from the parade ground at Colchester, and dashed through the streets. The Rev. Pierrepont Edwards (whose portrait we give), vicar of West Mersea, who earned the name of "the Fighting Parson" when he was in South London, seized the reins and hung on until he stopped the runaway. Then he got into the saddle, and rode the horse back to barracks.

"The Black Sergeant."

Sergt. Corbett, L Division, has just retired from the Metropolitan Police. Since 1892 he has been in charge of a "Black Maria," and has had 138,000 prisoners to look after, including several murderers. Sergt. Corbett was quite popular with his passengers, and the criminal classes dubbed him "The Black Sergeant," a delicate reference to his beard, which was originally jet black.

Hoaxing a Cathedral City.

A number of residents in Chichester on Saturday morning received a circular, purporting to come from "A. P. Rill and Co., manufacturers of choice fancy goods, London and Birmingham," announcing as an advertising scheme that a £10 Bank of England note was to be given away at the old Market Cross at ten o'clock precisely. The recipients of the circular were advised to hold a handkerchief in their right hands, so that the firm's "accredited agent" would know who they were. The agent, who was to be dressed in a red hunting costume, would place a number of slips of paper in his hat and hand it round to the holders of the handkerchiefs, and the person who drew out a certain slip marked with a red cross would receive immediately a £10 note. Forgetful of the date, a number of people assembled at the Market Cross, shamefacedly fingering a white handkerchief. But there was no "accredited agent" in red hunting costume and no £10 note.

Masked Murders.

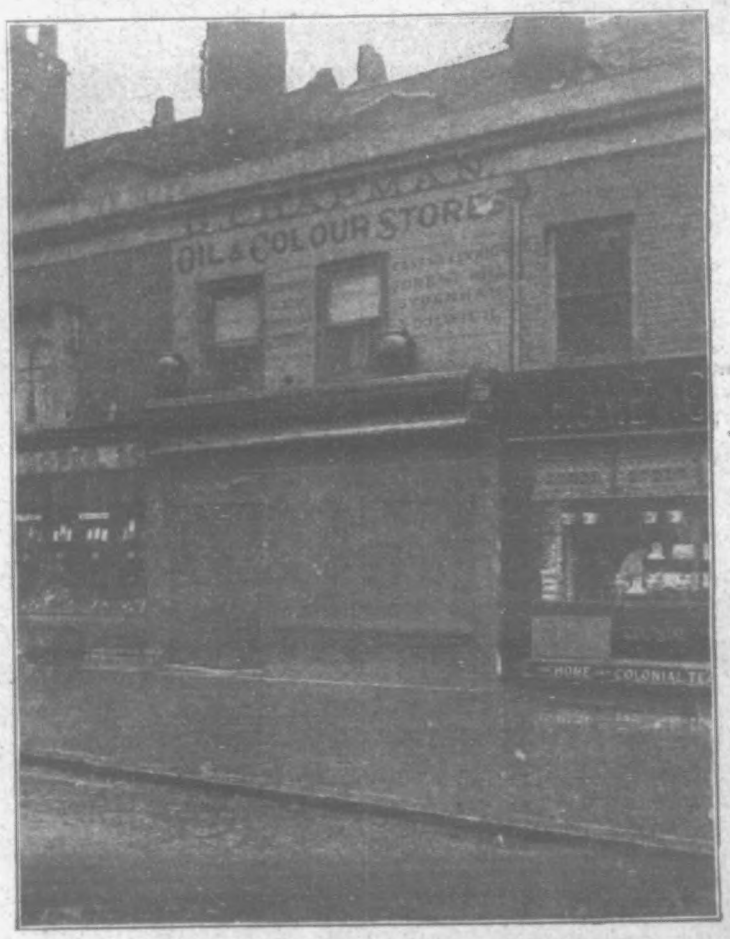
Within a few hundred yards of the shop where Mr. and Mrs. Farrow were murdered at Deptford last week the local detectives have arrested two brothers, who were remanded on Monday on a charge of being concerned in the murders. Their names are Alfred Stratton, twenty-two, and Albert Stratton, twenty. They described themselves as labourers. Suspicion fastened upon them on Sunday night, and the elder Stratton was found by Detective-sergeant Beavis in the King of Prussia public-house, in Albury-road, Deptford. The arrest of Albert Stratton, who is the taller and stronger of the two, was effected quietly in the busy High-street by Detective-Inspector Hailsstone, the chief of the local detective staff. The brothers stood side by side in the dock at Greenwich Police Court. The first witness to give evidence was Detective-inspector Fox, of Scotland-yard, who told the magistrate that the previous night he charged Alfred Stratton at the police station in Blackheath Road with being concerned in the murder of Mr. and Mrs. Farrow, and with stealing between £2 and £14. Stratton replied: "What evidence have you got against me?" Mr. Fox proceeded to describe the process of identification to which the two brothers were subjected in the station yard. They were placed with fourteen other men, and Alfred Stratton was, at his own wish, allowed to wash before witnesses were admitted. Five persons in succession inspected the line of men. A woman, Ellen Stanton, and a coffee-stall keeper, picked out Alfred Stratton, but three other persons did not identify the men. Alfred Stratton here broke into the inspector's narrative with the remark: "Out of the five, four said we didn't look anything like the men." Inspector Fox said that he did not hear them say that. The woman, he added, positively identified Alfred Stratton. Both the men were remanded.

Photo, Maull and Fox.

THE REV. PIERREPONT EDWARDS, "The Fighting Parson," whose plucky action is recorded in our news columns.

Photo, Bolak.

Sergeant James Corbett, of the "L" Divison, has retired after 25 years' service in the Force. For 14 years he was in charge of the "Black Maria" running between Lambeth Police Station and Brixton and Wandsworth Prisons. He is affectionately known as "The Black Sergeant."



THE MASKED MURDER: Mr. Chapman's Stores. The scene of the crime

Fatal Sequel to a Dream.

Miss Isabella Hunter, a lady of independent means, who lived at Fair Hazel Mansions, Hampstead, was found lying on the ground beneath her bedroom window. "I was dreaming that I was coming home in a cab from the theatre, when some robbers attempted to steal something from me," she explained to her niece. "I went to the window of my room, thinking it was the cab window, and opened it in order to get away from the robbers. Then I must have fallen through the window." Miss Hunter died as the result of the injuries received in her fall, and a jury returned a verdict of "Death by misadventure."

Colonel of the Tsar's Kitchen.

French cooking has always been the rule at the Russian Court, and the present Tsar shares the taste of his forebears in respect to French dishes. The personnel of the Imperial kitchen is very large, commanded by a marshal, who is at the head of the department; but the actual leader of the kitchen, says *Vanity Fair*, is the so-called fourier, who is a most important personage, holds the rank of a colonel, wears a splendid uniform, and has his breast covered with stars and orders. He is called upon to take a special oath before he is given his office to insure the safety of the Tsar and his family from poisoning. This magnificent official is, however, only a chef, who has been raised to the position as an acknowledgment of his services. His power is almost unlimited, and he has the complete control of all the officials and chefs under him. The personnel of the Imperial kitchen consists of twelve secretaries, four vice fouriers, twenty-four upper lackeys, thirty-four lackeys, eighteen under-lackeys, and fifty-four helpers of the lackeys. In the kitchen are two chefs, both of whom are Frenchmen.

A 'Varsity Brigand.

The impudence of the brigands is only excelled by their cruelty. Kisilun once appeared, fashionably dressed, at a winter garden in the Caucasian capital. No one recognised him, except a few respectable merchants who paid him blackmail. Though usually confining his operations to robbery with violence, he was evidently not above pocket-picking, as several of the audience missed their watches and pocket-books.

The Russian Government fails utterly in its war against this disorder. There were more murders in 1903 than in any preceding year.

The outlaws are wits, and sometimes highly cultivated men. One of the most notorious, Murad Kisilun, well-known in Taflis, was educated at Moscow University, and was known at the age of twenty-one as author of a dissertation on "The Moral Attributes in their Relation to Religion."

When his father's failure compelled him to forsake the paths of learning, he gathered a band of criminals and fled to the hills near Yevlakh. There the author of "The Moral Attributes" murdered and robbed eight inoffensive travellers before he was captured. Kisilun used to send witty verses to the police, inviting them to meet his men in combat.

Kisilun was extremely polite to women, but insisted upon them going through a mock marriage with himself, after which he released them.

He once entered the big town of Vladikavkaz for the purpose of plotting a murder. A detective, skilled in eavesdropping, listened, and noted down every word he said. But Kisilun escaped the trap, and a week later caught the detective.

When he had hanged him, as was his practice, he cut off his ears, and sent them with a polite note to the chief of police, saying, "I hope these ears will continue to be useful to you."

Wooed His Own Daughter.

A remarkable affair, reminiscent of the old Greek tragedies, has occurred at Appenzell. Nearly twenty years ago a young Swiss commercial traveller named Muller deserted his wife and infant daughter and emigrated to Mexico, where he succeeded in amassing a considerable fortune. During his absence his wife died and the little girl was adopted by a farmer of Appenzell named Schloss. The child assumed the name of Schloss and was generally regarded in the district as the farmer's own daughter. A year ago her father, who called himself Ilfelder after leaving his native country, sold out his business in Mexico and returned to Appenzell. He was informed, and naturally believed, that both his wife and child were long since dead. Later, he met his daughter and, ignorant of her identity, fell in love with her. She is now nearly twenty years old, while he is forty-one. For four months the returned wanderer wooed the girl with her consent. It was only when he asked the approval of the farmer Schloss that he learned the girl's history, and recognised that he had won the hand of his own daughter.

Rushing from the house, he travelled at once to Bâle, whence he wrote to the farmer confessing everything and placing £3,000 to the girl's credit in a Zurich bank. Nothing more has been heard of him and his daughter is heartbroken.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO GIBRALTAR: The Queen and Royal party ascending Windmill Hill on donkeys.

THE UNIVERSITY BOAT RACE: Special "P.I.P." Sketches on the Towpath.

Poison in Rhubarb Leaves.

A strange fatality is reported from Kingston-on-Thames, where a young woman is said to have died as the result of eating cooked rhubarb leaves. She saw in a newspaper a recipe for cooking rhubarb leaves and serving them up like spinach, and tried the experiment. The dish was served at dinner and partaken of by several members of the family. The next day she was seized with violent pains in the stomach, and, despite the attentions of two medical men, she died from gastro-enteritis. Two of her brothers experienced similar symptoms, but in their case the pain was not so acute.

According to a daily paper, gardening is the coming occupation for women. Our artist's glimpse into the future.

The Armenian Leader at Baku.

The Invasion of England.

The April number of the *National Review* contains a sensational article by a "German Staff Officer" on the "Functions of the German Navy," in which it is declared that Germany must aim in a war with England at throwing an invading force into the United Kingdom. He argues, in case war should threaten, Germany should swiftly land a part of her army on the British coast, and transfer the decision of the campaign to land. What would happen if such a state of things occurred is vividly described in our new serial story, entitled, "The Enemy in Our Midst," which will be found on page 220 of this issue of the PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER. It is written by Mr. Walter Wood, who, in addition to being a well-known serial story writer, has made a special study of naval and military problems.

Killed by a Lion.

Major Carnegy, of the Bombay political service, who was killed in the Gir Forest a few days ago, was following up a wounded lion at the time the tragedy happened. The party went along cautiously for nearly a mile, and several times men were sent up into the trees to look ahead. Suddenly the lion appeared, and charged the party. Major Carnegy fired, but only grazed the brute, which struck him a blow on the left shoulder with his right paw, and then seized him and bore him to the ground. Mr. Du Boulay, a member of the party, dashed up to the lion and fired into the region of its heart at point-blank range, killing it on the spot. He spoke to Major Carnegy, but the major did not answer, and the nature of his injuries left no doubt that death must have been instantaneous. The lion that killed him measured 11ft. to tip of tail.

French Navy's Visit.

The projected visit of the French squadron to British seaports is being very favourably commented on in Paris. It is understood that the French Channel Squadron will cruise to Spithead, being met on the way and escorted by the British fleet. There will in all probability be a grand naval review at Spithead, at which the King or the Prince of Wales will be present. The French officers and crews will then visit Southampton and Portsmouth for two or three days. The French fleet is expected to consist of fifteen vessels.

THE MASSACRES AT BAKU.

A SECOND KISCHINEFF?

MR. H. F. B. LYNCH writes from the Athenæum Club a long letter to the *Times* relative to the recent Baku massacres. Mr. Lynch, who is familiar with the whole of that region and its Armenian and Mohammedan population, says that the accounts of the lamentable events at Baku "seem to show that we are face to face with a second Kischineff." In support of his contention he quotes largely from the reports of the massacres in a Baku newspaper.

Having shown that between the Christians and the Mussulmans in that region there was no social or economic jealousy, no racial aversion, and no religious hatred at the time of the outbreak, the *Bakinskia Isvestia* holds that it is only in the region of politics that any explanation of the occurrence can be found.

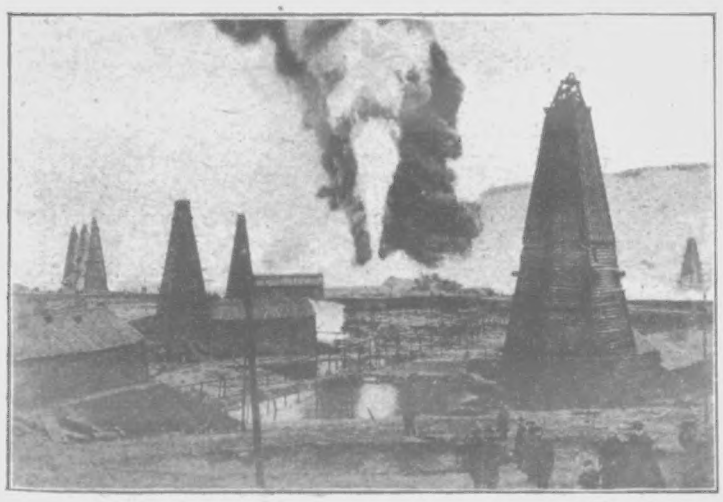
Hundreds of Armenians were killed, and, equally, a large number of Tartars fell at the hands of the Armenians. One Armenian—a well-known petroleum magnate—is said to have killed no fewer than sixty Tartars while fighting for his life and the lives of his family. His house was set on fire, and he, with his wife and children, perished in the flames. Many women and children were burnt alive or cut to pieces.

On the very first day of the massacre the Armenian and Mussulman notables had communicated with the Governor by telephone asking permission to make a joint procession through the town to stop the bloodshed. The Government put difficulties in the way of such a procession, until the Sheikh-ul-Islam—the religious head of the Mohammedans in Russia—came over from Tiflis and personally prevailed upon the local authorities to provide him with an escort of Cossacks while he was proceeding to gather the priests and notables together.

Without waiting for any further escort, a procession was formed and proceeded at once to the spot where most blood had been shed, and there the Sheikh-ul-Islam addressed the multitude in such terms of blame, and with such forcible appeal to his fellow-religionists to console and assist the orphans whose fathers and brothers had fallen, that his concluding words were drowned by the sobs of the crowd. The Tartars threw down their firearms and went over to the Armenians in tears.

Then followed a significant incident. A memorial service for the victims was held in the courtyard of the Armenian cathedral in Tiflis. There, perhaps for the first time in history, were seen the Mufti and the Sheikh-ul-Islam with their mollahs and thousands of Mohammedans participating in a Christian service. The total number of those present, according to the Tiflis newspapers, was about 45,000. Speeches were made by the Mohammedan and Armenian Bishops. The Sheikh-ul-Islam in his oration spoke of "that wily spirit that inspired the Baku Mohammedans to perpetrate these shameful murders," and uttered his curse upon him. He appealed to the people to swear "that they would not listen to the Devil" (a well-understood pseudonym for the Russian Government), whereupon Armenians, Mohammedans, and Georgians exclaimed with one voice, "We swear not to listen to the Devil!"

Mr. Lynch concludes by quoting the evidence of people in the neighbourhood of Baku to show that the massacre cannot be ascribed to racial animosity, and ascribing the responsibility to the Russian authorities, who took absolutely no measures to put an end to the slaughter.



Photo, Raffi.

BAKU: The most prolific oil-producing city in the world. The photo shows the oil-wells of M. Adamoff, the Armenian oil king, who shot sixty Tartars before he was burned with his family and others.

General Nogi's Poem.

After the capture of 203 Metre Hill General Nogi was requested by his staff to re-name the hill after himself. Being an extremely modest and unassuming man he refused, saying that the credit of the victory belonged entirely to the men. He discovered that the Japanese words equivalent to 2—0—3 (Ni Rei San) mean also "Ye Holy Mountain." The name Ni Rei San was accordingly bestowed upon it. A literal transcript of the poem follows (a Japanese poem rarely exceeds four lines in length).

"YE HOLY MOUNTAIN."

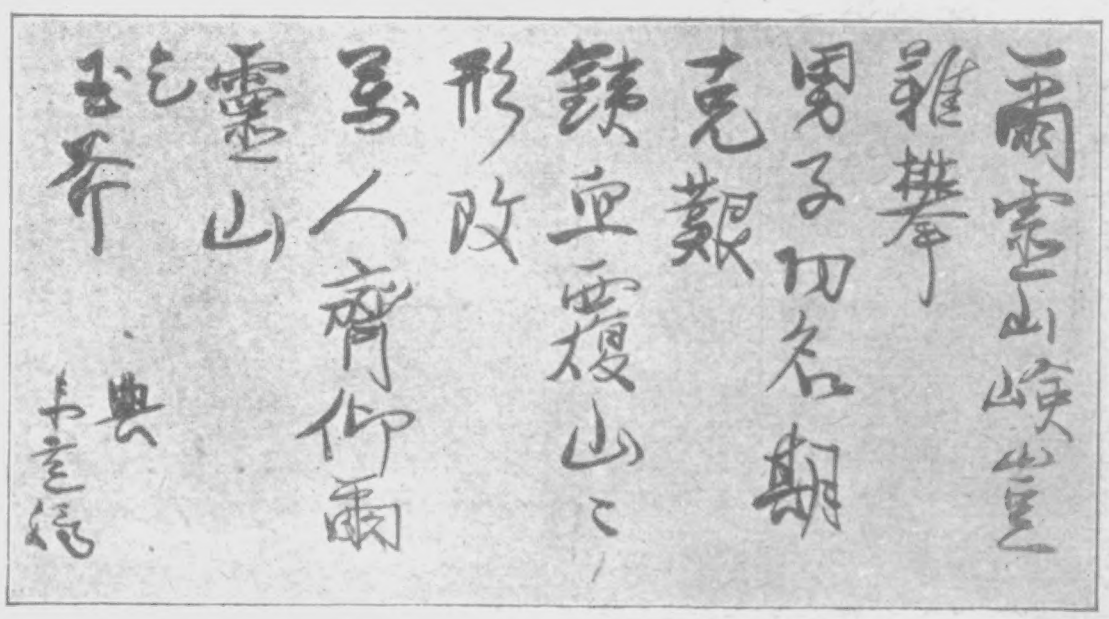
The steep of Ni Rei San is too difficult for human power to scale.

The courage of the Samurai always expected to conquer the difficulty.

Blood and iron covered the mountain, and the mountain changed its form.

Tens of thousands of people now worship ye, Ho'y Mountain.

The poem appears in an illustrated "Story of the Russo-Japanese War," published in fortnightly parts. This particular number was published as a special issue to commemorate the fall of Port Arthur.



A Facsimile of the Poem composed by General Nogi after the capture of 203 Metre Hill.

The Leader of the Mohammedans at Baku.

President Roosevelt's Holiday.

President Roosevelt started on Monday on a two months' holiday, most of which will be spent camping out in the Rocky Mountains. His secretary alone will know where to find him, and he has instructions not to trouble him if he can help it. The President will sleep in the open almost every night, eating only pork and bread and butter in addition to what he shoots, and only drinking coffee.

A Terrible Tale of Slavery.

The infamous treatment meted out to the black girls and aboriginal children who live under the "protection" of the British flag in Western Australia has been the subject of articles in the *Express* and of protests in Parliament, and is again to be made the subject of early debate in the House of Commons. Nothing that has hitherto been printed, however, approaches the actual facts as disclosed in the report of Dr. Roth, the Queensland protector of aborigines, the text of which has now reached this country. Briefly put, the case stands thus: The white settlers are continually killing off the black men's staple food—the kangaroo. The aborigines are faced by two alternatives—starvation or killing the white man's cattle. No other provision having been made for them by the white settlers who have dispossessed them, the blacks, ignorant of the fact that they are committing any offence, kill the white men's cattle to avoid starvation. Then the white man's armed and mounted police "round them up," put them in chains, and carry them off to prison, taking with them, also in chains, scores of women and girls as "witnesses." Armed and mounted police, accompanied by armed native trackers, hunt the blacks charged with cattle killing, arresting, without a warrant, as many as thirty at one time. The women are never arrested for cattle-killing, but they are compelled to go and give evidence against their husbands. Chained by the neck to the saddles of the mounted police officers, the prisoners are marched through the bush to the prison town. Sometimes thirty prisoners are neck-chained together. Iron split-links fasten the chains, and to open these chains the prisoner's neck is placed on a blacksmith's anvil, and hammer and chisel are used to release him. When twenty prisoners are chained together three hours would be occupied in opening the links. Even when the prisoners have to swim a river they retain their chains, in spite of the grave danger to life, and a police witness admitted that in case of accident on transport, especially on board ship, every life of the twenty might be lost. Morning, noon, and night the prisoners are chained by the neck to each other with chains only two feet long. Often these chains are worn for three years together, and sometimes even longer. Black girls who are unwilling witnesses are chained on the march, and children of fourteen years of age are neck-chained, there being no regulation whatever as to the weight and length of the chain. When the blacks are in court, says Dr. Roth, they are made to plead guilty at the muzzle of the rifle if need be. Boodungarry, a little native boy prisoner, told the commissioner that the policeman pointed his loaded rifle at him, and threatened to shoot him if he declined to say he was guilty. Many have actually been so murdered.

KISILUN, the famous brigand.

A Sportive Bull.

A bull considerably startled a Birmingham ironmonger the other day. Tired of the monotony of the main road, it darted suddenly into the tradesman's shop, dragging its startled custodian, a boy, in its train. After breaking a bicycle, tearing up the floor, and generally disarranging things, the animal managed to turn its big body and struggle through a side door, whence it trotted sharply into an outbuilding, where a boiler that serves a heating apparatus is lodged. Stumbling over pipes—which burst and sent out streams of lukewarm water—it fell, breathless and helpless upon the floor. The animal was only liberated by being drawn up through the roof.

"Spy" and the Conductor.

Arthur Rance, the omnibus conductor who assaulted Mr. Leslie Ward—"Spy," of *Vanity Fair*—was fined 40s. and £3 costs at Westminster. Mr. Ward took the part of a lady who complained about not receiving her change, and Rance consequently pushed him off the omnibus.

THE WORLD OF PASTIME.

FOOTBALL.

England has won the Association International Championship, the victory over Scotland, achieved last Saturday at the Crystal Palace, by one goal to none, settling the contest, for, though Ireland and Wales have to meet to-morrow (Saturday), neither has a chance of getting on terms with the "Rose." To some extent them win over the Scots was a fluke, for, taking the whole run of the play, the Englishmen did not deserve success. Indeed, the most ardent of their admirers cannot say that they played a good game, and, looking back on the exchanges with a calm mind, I fail to recall a match between England and Scotland in which the football was so devoid of science, accuracy, determination, and pace.

Marcello, who is walking round the world for a wager.

Had the Scotch forwards possessed even a fair amount of the last-named commodity they would have unquestionably have won the match for their side, but, with the exception of Wilson on the extreme left, they were too slow and methodical for such an important occasion. Walker, of course, has some excuse for giving a disappointing show, for he was playing outside right instead of inside, which is his usual and correct position. Young was not a success in the centre, and Quinn's enforced absence was regrettable in more senses than one.

The best part of the Scottish team was the half-back line. Thomson in the centre was nearly always master of Woodward; Aitken kept his forwards well fed in addition to effectually checking the opposition, while McWilliam, if not so "classy" as Aitken, was very useful. As a trio these were better than England's half-backs, who lifted the ball far too much, though Leake and Roberts played very finely in defence. At full backs, too, Scotland was best served, for McCombie and Watson played a more telling game than did Spencer and Herbert Smith at the opposite end. Yet the two English backs were very cool under many trying circumstances, and Linacre in goal, like Lyall between the Scottish posts, had not a great deal to do.

There was a crowd of about 40,000 people, which number I shall expect to be more than doubled, if not trebled, at the Cup final next week-end. The Crystal Palace authorities have done wonders in the matter of stand and other accommodation, and all alterations will be completed before the final, at which over 100,000 people will be able to see the play in comfort. So there need be no delay in purchasing tickets. But this by the way.

The one and only goal of the match last Saturday was obtained by Bache, whose play otherwise was erratic—sometimes moderate, sometimes brilliant. Bloomer sent the ball through prior to this, but no goal was allowed, on account of an infringement. Hard luck this for Bloomer, whose twenty-first International it was, and who, it may be remembered, won the game for England last season. Bloomer has now beaten records for Internationals, in which the next best is G. O. Smith, with twenty games. The Derby County captain, however, has only played nine times v. Scotland against N. C. Bailey's ten.

Everton, though not engaged themselves in the League competition last Saturday, had their position strengthened at the head of the table by the defeat of Newcastle United by Blackburn Rovers. It must not be forgotten, however, that the United had four of their best men playing in the great International match between England and Scotland at the Crystal Palace.

Manchester City put up an excellent performance by playing Sunderland to a draw at the latter's ground. The City men played a splendid game, and well deserved the point which they took away from Wearside.

It was not a little singular that the Sheffield clubs were opposed to the two neighbouring clubs from Nottingham. Of course, Notts County were beaten, and the Forest lost to Sheffield United, though they gave their visitors a run to the finish, and were only beaten by the odd goal in three.

Bury gained a very much-needed brace of points at the expense of Middlesbrough, who wanted them rather badly, and the latter are now in a very precarious position in the League table. A bustling game at Stoke saw the pottery team victorious by 3 goals to 1. The Old Shepherd's Bush man, Rouse, played in splendid form for the winners, and scored two of the goals. Woolwich Arsenal had the best of their game with Small Heath at Plumstead, but they had to be content with a draw of one goal each.

In the competition for the first two places in the second division of the League it is quite impossible to make a selection between Liverpool, Bolton Wanderers, and Manchester United, and similarly the Southern League tourney is providing plenty of excitement. Southampton's victory over Reading last Monday enhanced their chances of getting to the top, but at the same time Bristol Rovers have such a magnificent goal average that Westerners have the best chance of gaining the honours.

All sorts of rumours have been afloat regarding the chances of the many clubs which aspire to become members of the first division of the Southern League next season. Norwich City, Leyton (to whom Jackson, the Arsenal captain, is going as manager), the new Chelsea club, Clapton Orient, and others are eager to gain admission. Time will show, but I have a great fancy for Norwich, and for a particular reason.

ATHLETICS AND CYCLING.

What with the boat-race and the Inter-Varsity sports, which by the way have been discussed from end to end of Britain and almost worn threadbare by this time, there has been very little else talked about in the athletic or cycling worlds.

Writing on the Varsity sports last week, I said, "should the weather be favourable some remarkable performances may be expected." The anticipation was fully borne out, for we were treated to a couple of records, the chief of which was the breaking of existing figures in the mile race which provided the finest contest in the ten events last Friday. A. E. Welsh, of Cambridge, was most fancied, but Henderson-Hamilton ran the race of his life, and won for Oxford in 4min. 17⅘sec., 2sec. better than the previous record, and only 1sec. slower than the world's record for amateurs, made by Joe Binks in 1902. A. H. Fyffe, another Oxonian, broke record in the hammer event, in a throw of 128ft. 6in. The remaining events resulted thus: 100yds., Morrell (O), time 10⅘sec.; 440yds., Morrell (O), time 51⅕sec.; 120yds. hurdles, Teall (C), time 16⅖sec.; high jump—a poor affair—Young (O), Leader (C), and Paget-Tomlinson (C), deadheated at 5ft. 7in.; weight, Hon. G. Lyttelton (C), 37ft. 11in.; long jump, G. Smith (O), 21ft. 1in.; three miles, A. Smith (C), time 15min. 8⅘sec.; half-mile, Cornwallis (O), time 1min. 56⅖sec. Thus Oxford won easily by 6½ events to 3½ events.

Photo, A. Cartwright.

ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE SPORTS AT SANDHURST: Rounding the point in the three-legged race.

Last Saturday the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, finished their meeting at Camberley, and it was interesting enough in a way, but the performances were not out of the common, and certainly not up to the standard of the days of W. N. Bolton. The strangers' quarter of a mile handicap was secured by L. J. de B. Reed, and the L. A. C. man, who was ridiculously easily handicapped, had no trouble in putting the event to his credit; his time from the 14yds. mark being 49⅖secs.

Photo, A. Cartwright.

ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE SPORTS AT SANDHURST: Sergt. E. C. Kenny wins the 100yds. final. Time 10⅖secs.

Time was when the gathering of the Railway Clearing House employees was one of the most important of the athletic season. Valuable prizes were always presented for competition, and all the best amateur runners were to be seen competing. Now the members prefer to confine the events to departmental contests, but the racing is interesting enough to those who are directly concerned.

On Saturday last the members indulged in a walking contest extending over seventeen miles, a start being made from Watford. H. L. March (Coaching Department), won; G. R. Withers (Goods Department), was second; G. A. White (Goods), third; and H. A. Smith (Coaching), fourth. To the Coaching Department fell the distinction of winning the Silver Challenge Cup, presented by Mr. H. Rata, himself an old runner, and a very good half-miler in his day.

The ten miles amateur championship of Scotland was decided at Ibrox Park, Glasgow, but the race had to be run in pouring rain, otherwise the Scottish record would have probably been beaten. As it was, Stevenson, of the Clydesdale Harriers, who won, was only 5⅘sec. outside the present best. P. C. Russell, of the Bellahouston Harriers, was second, and the holder, T. Jack, Edinburgh Southern Harriers, third. He won in 53min. 31⅘sec., a very good performance under the best of conditions, but especially so under the circumstances.

Alfred Shrubb and Arthur Duffey are doing very well in New Zealand, but it would seem from the latest advices that the American sprinter has somewhat startled the officials down under, for he has been set impossible tasks. At the Auckland meeting Shrubb won the mile in 4min. 22sec., and the three miles in 14min. 57sec.

GOLF.

All the care exercised by his friends in order to prevent the Prime Minister being beaten in the golf match between the House of Commons and the Inverallocky fishermen at Sandwich last Saturday came to nought, for in the morning's round he and Mr. Eric Hambro were defeated by James and Geo. Buchan by one up. In the second round, however, the Premier and his partner won by six up and five to play. The result of the series of matches was that the House of Commons team won by eight to two. Each fisherman received a new club from his opponent after the close of play. Mr. Balfour inscribing his name on those of James and George Buchan, the latter of whom was the leader of the sturdy Scottish toilers of the deep. Seeing that they spend the greater portion of the year on the water, their skill at golf is admirable, and Mr. Machonochie, M.P., is to be congratulated on bringing them to London and the South of England for the first time.

ROWING.

As I expected, Oxford won the "Battle of Blues" on the river as well as the sports at Queen's Club. But candidly, I had not the remotest idea that the Cambridge crew would be so thoroughly outclassed as they were by the Dark Blues who simply made hacks of their rivals. From the start from the boats moored rather well up-river above Putney Bridge until the "Ship" at Mortlake was reached the Cantabs were outpaced, outgeneralled, and outstayed. It was a sorry spectacle to those who had proclaimed their excellence from the housetops, and who had the temerity to back their freely stated opinions. The fact that Cambridge won the toss made them all the more sanguine, though, as the day was almost ideal for the race, there was little advantage in getting choice of stations. That the public interest in the event is revived was shown by the enormous attendance, which was estimated at a quarter of a million.

It is a peculiar fact that Cambridge seemed scarcely able to spurt at any part of the contest, and the difference between the liveliness of Bucknall, the Oxford stroke, and Taylor's lack of dash, was most marked. Perhaps the Cambridge stroke was afraid of taking too much out of one or two men behind him, but whether it be so or not it was only too painfully evident that at the finish certain of the Light Blues were absolutely "baked," one of them, I regret to say, being P. H. Thomas, whose spell of training proved all too short. *Au contraire*, Oxonians were almost as fresh as paint, and, although the official verdict in their favour was only 2½ lengths, never was a race more easily won. The time returned was 20 min. 35sec.—a fairly good performance, but nothing out of the way considering the conditions. Oxford has now won on thirty-four occasions and the Cantabs on twenty-seven, while in 1877 a dead-heat was the verdict, though the Oxonians claimed that they had won by several feet.

THE KING AT THE RACES: His Majesty watching the horses in the paddock.

Five Minutes' Fun.

"I tell you my love for you is making me mad—mad!" "Well, keep quiet about it—it's had just the same effect upon papa!"

"Do you think Josh's invention will work?" asked Mrs. Corntossel. "I hope so," answered her husband; "I know right well that Josh won't!"

Guest: "What a splendid dinner! I don't often get as good a meal as this." Little Willie (son of the host): "We don't, either!"

"Mamma, I'm so sleepy! Won't you please tell me a fairy story before I go to bed?" "No, my child, not now. Wait a little while, and your father will come home and tell us both one!"

"You frightened my horse with your automobile," said the indignant farmer. "Well," answered the novice, "your horse had the best of it. He wasn't any more scared than I was, and had the advantage of being in a position to run!"

Teacher: "You have in front of you the north; on your right, the east; on your left, the west. What have you behind you, Tommy?" Tommy: "A patch on my pants. I knew you'd see it; I told mamma you would!"

Austere Aunt: "I don't consider it keeping Lent at all, Minerva, when you stuff yourself with all kinds of pickles." Miss Minerva: "That's unjust, auntie. I don't. I only eat five or six of the varieties now!"

"Sometimes," confided Mrs. Longwed to her intimate friend, "I think my husband is the patientest, gentlest, best-natured soul that ever lived, and sometimes I think it's merely laziness that ails him!"

Said Willy: "A motor car backs you
Clean off o' the earth when it cracks you;
That's an automobile—
But how do you feel
When a big locomotor ataxia?"

"Why, Pat, your stockings are on wrong side out." "I know; there's a hole on the other side!"

Willie: "Pa, is generals brave men?" Pa: "Yes, my son, as a rule." Willie: "Then why does artists always make pictures of 'em standing on a hill a long way off, lookin' at a battle through an opera glass?"

Hoax: "Why is the merchant who doesn't advertise like a man in a rowing-boat?"

Joax: "Because he goes backwards, I suppose."

Hoax: "No; because he has to get along without sales!"

"And are your thoughts ever true to Charlie now he is out in Africa, dear?"

"Yes, indeed. Whenever any other fellow kisses me I try to think it is Charlie!"

Owner of private water (to man who is trespassing): "Don't you see that notice 'No Fishing Here'?" Angler (with an injured air): "Yes, and I dispute it. Why, there's good fishing here. Look in this basket."

Something..

About Bargains!

There must be numberless readers of the PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER who are wanting either to Buy, Sell, or Exchange some article or another, or who have some want which it is in the power of other of our readers to fill. We have decided to set aside a corner of our paper where it will be possible for readers to make their wants known to each other; it will be, so to speak, the PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER market place. Under the heading of "Miscellaneous," we shall accept genuine wants at the following rates:

SITUATIONS VACANT . . . Id. per word.
SITUATIONS WANTED . . . Id. per word.
PRIVATE WANTS, SALE or EXCHANGE Id. per word.
TRADE . . . . 1/- per line of 8 words.

LOOK OUT FOR THE "P.I.P." MISCELLANEOUS COLUMN. IT WILL START NEXT WEEK.

All advertisements should reach this Office, **17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.**, by Monday Morning for the Friday's issue.

CLEVER CHILDREN

DOING THE WORK OF "GROWN-UP" PEOPLE.

On this page you will find an interesting collection of portraits of extremely young children in a great many very different stations of life.

They have all been doing things of which any grown-up person might well be proud.

At Bettisfield School, Shropshire, last week, Lady Hanmer made an interesting presentation to a brave schoolboy. She gave a gold watch and chain, a bank-book with £5, and the Royal Humane Society's certificate to Walter Maddocks, who nearly lost his life in trying to rescue schoolfellows from an ice accident some time ago.

There are several little girls in Britain to-day who are successfully

Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

Miss Geraldine Wilson, aged 10, who is playing in "A Man's Shadow" at His Majesty's Theatre. This little girl has had the honour of playing the part before the King at Windsor.

helping their fathers to fulfil the arduous civic duties attaching to the post of mayor.

Lulu Driver, who is only four years old, entered upon the second year of her municipal life last November.

She is the only daughter of Mr. W. D. Driver, who is now Mayor of Chatham for the third time. Mr. Driver is a man of great stature, full of character and intellect, and very popular with the people of Chatham. Lulu is only about 2ft. 3in. in height from the floor to her topmost golden curl, but the adoration with which Chatham regards her cannot be described.

Lulu is an imperious little personage, and much experience at opening bazaars and laying foundation-stones has made her quite at home amid the pomp and circumstance of civic state.

Early in her first year of office she set all public speakers an example they would do well to follow. A full verbatim report of her speech when opening St. Andrew's Church Bazaar consists of three words: "The show's open."

Miss Dora English Lawson, aged eleven, is one of the youngest mayoresses in England. On Tuesday evening last week she received the guests at a dinner given by her father, the Mayor of Hornsey.

Miss S. M. Kay Butcher, though she is only twelve years old, acts as Mayoress of Bury, and recently opened a sale of work in the town. Miss Butcher is the daughter of the mayor.

At the present time there are several exceptionally talented children performing responsible and arduous parts upon the stage.

Walter Maddocks, a schoolboy hero.

Miss Iris Hawkins, although she plays the part of a little boy of four in "Everybody's Secret" at the Haymarket Theatre, is eleven years of age.

She is not entirely new to the stage; for she has several times appeared in what a grown-up actress would probably call minor parts. Last Christmas she achieved distinction in the name part of "Little White Barbara" at the Garrick, and while there she was seen by Mr. Harrison and Mr. Maude, who immediately recognised her dramatic promise, and ultimately engaged her for their new play.

She does not come of a long line of players, as so many child actors and actresses do. Her skill is all her own. Miss Iris Hawkins has a private governess, and she is particularly fond of her profession.

Since, about six years ago, at the serious age of seven, Master Cyril Smith made his first appearance on the stage, the little comedian has managed to accomplish quite a veteran's record. Making his start in theatrical life as Peasblossom in Mr. Beerbohm Tree's first revival of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" at His Majesty's Theatre (then *Her* Majesty's, which in itself sounds remotely reminiscential) the clever youngster went from Mr. Tree's service into Mr. George Alexander's, playing, in "The Wilderness," the part of that little boy who, in company with a little girl, caused so much critical comment of the unfavourable kind, by "having a game at shops" with some scraps of decayed fish he found in the forest. His next "venture" was King Liliput in the Christmas production at the Avenue of "Gulliver's Travels," and soon after that he had travels of his own, touring for twenty-two weeks as the boy Bellamy in "My Pretty Maid"—though first playing this part, as well as that of Harry in "Holly Tree Inn," at Terry's Theatre.

He was also in Mr. Tree's production of "Rip Van Winkle" (from whom, no doubt, he caught his very old ways)—and all this with no instruction for the stage whatever! In one of his many "notices," it was remarked that Master Cyril Smith had evidently been

Photo, Honey, Chatham.

Miss Lulu Driver, the four-year-old Mayoress of Chatham.

very carefully trained for the stage. But, as a matter of fact, he never received any training at all—not even in elocution or the most elementary stagecraft. Most of his "business" on the stage he thinks out for himself, and submits it to the stage-manager for approval in the course of rehearsals, and he is as quick at emergency "gags" as a full-grown comedian with an indifferent memory for the author's lines.

Just recently he has been on tour with Sir Henry Irving, playing Geoffrey in "Beckett," but he was unfortunate enough to contract diphtheria, and had to be left behind. His many friends will be glad to hear that he is now quite recovered, and he came back to London this week to spend his birthday with his people. He was thirteen last Tuesday!

Of musical infant prodigies there are no end. The latest is Mischa Elman, a twelve-year-old Russian boy. His concert at Queen's Hall last month proved him to be almost all that reports from Berlin, where he last appeared, had foretold. He began playing on a toy violin when he was five, and at ten had made a name for himself. Last year he was already playing at concerts in St. Petersburg.

In his case, as in almost all others, his musical talent is hereditary. His two grandfathers and his father all played the violin. His younger sister, aged eight, also plays, while a yet younger sister, a singer, is spoken of as the real family prodigy. As she is not yet three, there seems to be good reason for calling her an infant prodigy. They seem to grow younger each year.

In a recent issue of the *Daily Mirror* some interesting instances were given of other musical prodigies.

Photo, W. & D. Downey.

MISS IRIS HAWKINS, the child-actress, who has made a hit in "Everybody's Secret" at the Haymarket.

Over sixty years ago Dr. Joachim electrified the musical world as a wonderful Hungarian child violinist. At eight he had a reputation; at twelve he was famous.

Mark Hambourg began his career as a pianist, by making his *début* at Moscow at the age of eight and a half. When the infant prodigy period was

Photo, Reinhold Thiele.

Master Cyril Smith, the well-known boy actor, who was thirteen last Tuesday. He has been touring with Sir Henry Irving.

over he disappeared for a time, to reappear about ten years ago.

Joseph Hoffmann's first public appearance was at Warsaw, at the age of seven.

At the age of twelve, when he came to England, in 1887, he created a furore and drew crowds to the St. James's Hall which have only been rivalled by Paderewski.

From England he went to America, where his success was even greater. The prices for his concerts were enormous.

Jean Gerardy, the Belgian violoncellist, made his first appearance in London in 1890, at the age of twelve and a half, and surprised everybody by phenomenal execution.

But it is during the last two years that musical prodigies have been most numerous and most *fêted*.

Florizel von Reuter, the violinist and composer of twelve years old, is a special pet and *protégé* of the Queen of Roumania, and keeps up a constant correspondence with her, speaks of Queen Alexandra as "my sweetest Queen," and has been *fêted* in half the palaces of Europe. His musical career started when he was only eight.

His first appearance in England was at the Royal Albert Hall last year, when he played and conducted a symphony of his own composition.

Little Max Darewski, who started writing waltzes at the age of five, is another of the present band of infant prodigies. He did not become known at the time, but a couple of years ago, at the age of eight, he conducted some of these early compositions of his on Mr. Dan Godfrey's band at Bournemouth, and last year he conducted the famous American band, the "Kilties," at the Royal Albert Hall.

Somewhat different in form to the instances treated in the foregoing is the pluck displayed by the little daughter of a Ross-shire gentleman.

The young daughter of Mr. Mackenzie, factor for Mr. English, of Scatwell, Muir of Ord, Ross-shire, has captured single-handed a golden eagle, under the following circumstances She was on her way to school, when

Photo, Topical.

Miss S. M. Kay Butcher, the twelve-year-old Mayoress of Bury.

attracted by the cries of a bird evidently in distress, she found a large golden eagle caught by the claws in a vermin trap. The day was calm, and the weight of the trap greatly impeded the movements of the bird, which made frantic efforts to soar into the air on her approach. The plucky girl made several attempts to secure her prize, but on each occasion was driven back. At last the bird succeeded in rising, but, weakened by its efforts, it dropped into the river. Miss Mackenzie followed and succeeded in securing it.

Similar examples of precocity of quite the admirable kind will doubtless be recalled by the intelligent reader.

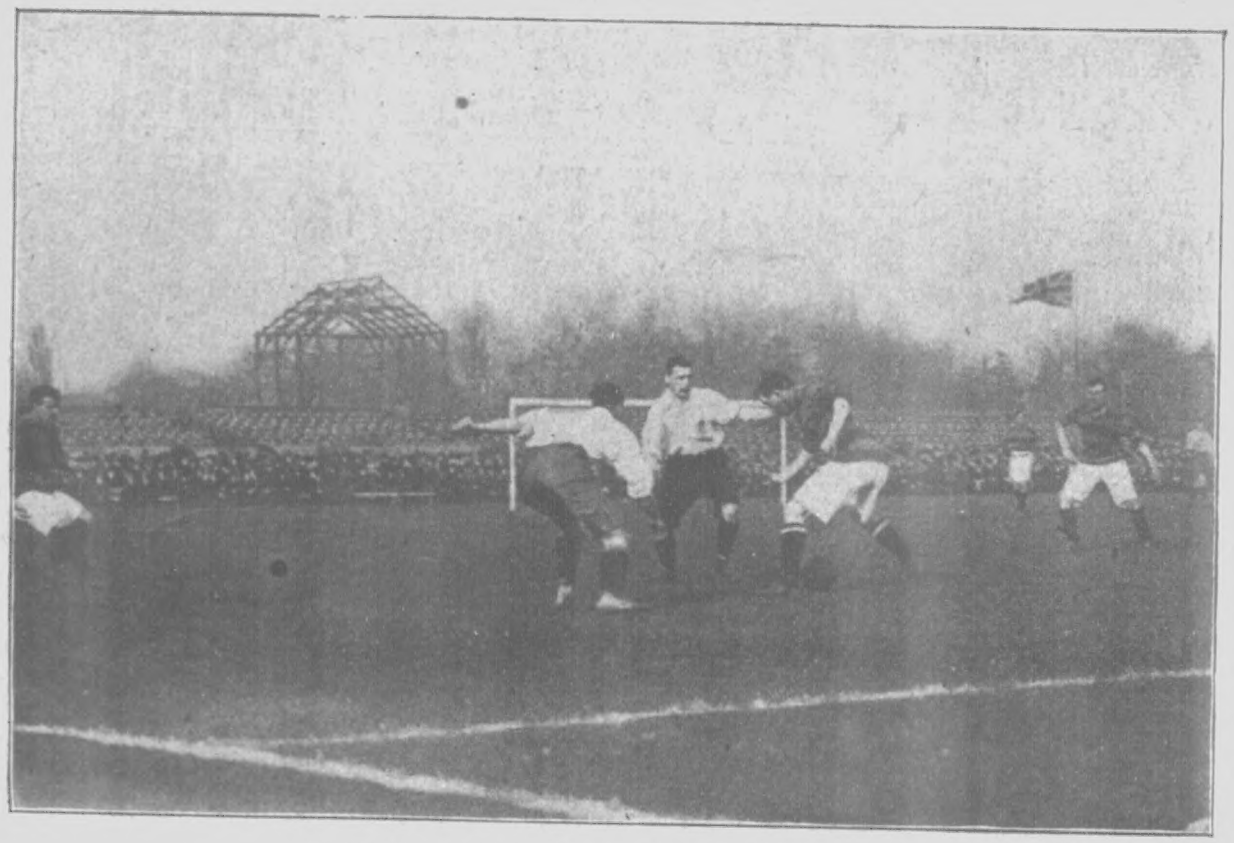
Photo, S. J. Beckett.

MISS DORA ENGLISH LAWSON, the eleven-year-old Mayoress of Hornsey.

THE GREAT INTERNATIONAL MATCH, ENGLAND v. SCOTLAND, AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

Linacre punches out for England.

An anxious moment: Waiting for the ball.



Smith (England) pulls up the Scottish forwards.

Lyall (Scotland's goalkeeper) handles the ball.

A STUDY IN CONTRAST: THE LITTLE JAP AND HIS GIANT CAPTORS.

A JAPANESE SOLDIER CAPTURED BY A RUSSIAN OUTPOST.

P. I. P. PLAYGOER.

Mr. George Edwardes has decided in future to have no more "Cingalee" actions. In future, whoever sends him a manuscript must sign a form giving the manager permission to make what changes he pleases, and when these alterations are made the author must further sign a paper that the amended play becomes the absolute property of the manager, the author resigning all legal claim.

But the "Cingalee" trial is not even yet ended, for there is the appeal to come. But as the judge required £2,000 to be paid into court before he granted the appeal it seems likely that the original verdict will not be greatly modified. No injunction was granted as the "Cingalee" has practically ceased running.

Mr. Barrie's new play, announced on Wednesday at the Duke of York's theatre, has the singular title, "Alice Sit by the Fire: A Page From a Daughter's Diary." The action of the play takes place during a single day, and the acts are thus named: "Homecoming," "The Man's Rooms," and "Click." The author, according to his fantastic custom, evidently intends to mystify audience and critics, and to keep his own secret until the last moment, as he did on a former occasion. Miss Ellen Terry and Miss Irene Vanbrugh will be at the head of his company, and they will be supported by a number of the most popular performers, so that however eccentric the subject may prove it is certain to be well played.

"A Man's Shadow" was warmly greeted by an enthusiastic audience, and, as I mentioned last week, the revival promises to occupy the stage for some time. It is growing in favour, and, with such fine acting as that of Mr. Tree and Mr. Fernandez, the result can easily be understood.

Mr. Lionel Brough's portrait appears in *Vanity Fair*. He is a fine old actor, and, in the character of Trinculo, is seen to great advantage as a Shakesperean comedian. Born in 1836 at Pontypool, in Monmouthshire, Mr. Brough comes of a literary family, but his taste for the stage led to his appearance at the Lyceum in December, 1854. Quitting the stage for five years he wrote in the *Morning Star*, and when that engagement ended, and some miscellaneous performances had occupied him, he made a great success as Ben Garner in Byron's comedy, "Dearer than Life," at the Queen's Theatre, Long Acre. In Mrs. John Wood's revivals of old comedies at the St. James's Theatre, Mr. Brough played Tony Lumpkin for 200 nights. His genuine merits as a comedian were also fully recognised in several comic operas, notably in "Rip Van Winkle." A benefit will shortly be given to celebrate his fifty years on the stage.

The appearance of Mr. Stephen Phillips, the dramatic author, in the character of the Ghost in "Hamlet" will be a surprise to many. But the fact is, Mr. Phillips played as the Ghost in Mr. Benson's Company, and made the part very impressive. Shakespeare himself was seen in the character, and Davenant has told us the weird effect produced by the great author. Mr. Bernard Shaw, who so often poses as the modern Shakespeare, has lost a good opportunity of following in the footsteps of the Swan of Avon.

"John Chilcote, M.P.," a play of which I have spoken before, will be Mr. George Alexander's next venture. The enterprising manager also intends to revive at *matinées* several clever plays, among them Mr. Gilbert's "Engaged" and "The Wedding March." Also Mr. Pinero's "Benefit of the Doubt" which, I think, did not have the "benefit of a doubt" when first produced. "The Wedding March" is, I think, the funniest play ever written. When I saw it first the audience became convulsed.

I mentioned some time ago that a Jewish theatre would be erected at the East End and called "The Orient Theatre." It was a good title, and the scheme was full of promise, but I hear it has fallen through. And now there is a rumour that the Pavilion, in the Whitechapel Road, is to become a "Yiddish" theatre. If so London, like New York, will have a theatre for the Jews, and why not? And that reminds me, the Pavilion was the first theatre I ever visited, and Charles Dillon appeared in a drama called "The Mountaineers." The play was melodrama, and in one scene a great effect was produced by the escape of the hero. A Hebrew super came forward, and asked a stage countryman, "Vich vay vent de preeshner?" and everybody roared, of course.

The fact that "The Taming of the Shrew" at the Adelphi has had a continuous run of four months has established a record, for I do not remember such a run on any previous occasion. Nor do I recollect that it has ever been acted with greater spirit than by the representatives of Katherine and Petruchio.

By arrangement with Mr. William Poel, Miss Tita Brand will suspend the run of "Othello" during Holy Week, and present instead a revival of "Everyman." For this Miss Brand has secured the services of Miss Edith Wynne Matthison, who will, by the courtesy of Sir Henry Irving, once more sustain the title-*rôle*. It is particularly noteworthy that this will be Miss Matthison's first appearance in England as Everyman since her sensational triumph in the old Morality play at the Imperial. Miss Tita Brand will, of course, repeat her charming impersonation of Knowledge.

To the variety attractions at the Coliseum Mr. Oswald Stoll will shortly add "turns" by a number of well-known theatrical performers. Amongst these engagements are Miss Mabel Love (in a new scena by Mr. Hickory Wood), Miss Topsy Sinden (in a piece by a society writer), Miss Queenie Leighton (in a song by Capt. Basil Hood, and a new nautical sketch), and Mr. Rutland Barrington (in a scena written by himself and composed by Walter Slaughter). Amongst the other new-comers will be Bert Gilbert, on April 10. Miss Madge Lessing and Miss Winifred Hare remain in the present bill.

Mr. William Gillette has written another play, with a central figure for himself, in which he will shortly be seen in London. This makes the fifth, the others being "Held by the Enemy," "Secret Service," "Too Much Johnson," and "Sherlock Holmes." Mr. Gillette is one of quite a large band of actors who write the plays they act in. Mr. Seymour Hicks is part-author of "The Catch of the Season." Mr. H. V. Esmond has appeared in several of his own dramas, including "Bogey" and "Grierson's Way"; Mr. Murray Carson has helped to write many a play as well as to act in it; and Mr. Laurence Irving has made very successful appearances in his own play "Peter the Great" and "Richard Lovelace." The late Mr. Wilson Barrett was a conspicuous example of the author-actor, who could present a part as well as he could conceive it; Mr. Charles Hawtrey made a fortune out of "The Private Secretary," which he adapted and in which he played so cleverly; Mr. Beerbohm Tree, too, has filled the double *rôle* in at least one piece; and Mr. Bourchier has adapted several plays, notably "The Chili Widow" (Monsieur le Directeur), of which his clever acting has made brilliant successes.

Sir Squire Bancroft gave some good advice to the members of Mr. Tree's Academy of Acting the other day. Among a collection of "dont's" for young actors he included the seeking for notoriety that is growing more and more common amongst the rising generation. "Keep up the illusions," he said. "When you have first learned that the palace and the hovel are alike only canvas and paint upon the stage, do not hurry off to tell your friends what you have discovered.

"I believe in a National Theatre. It will come in one of three ways; either a wealthy patron, or a manager, who will organise a company ready to accept a share in the results in place of salary, or a commonwealth of actors, with a director elected by themselves."

With a few notable exceptions gambling scenes on the stage have not been particularly successful, especially those which professed to represent public gaming resorts. The actors in such are, or should be, so intent on the game, the very essential of which is the silence only broken by the announcements of the banker or the croupiers, that except as realistic pictures such scenes have no dramatic value. Probably for this reason it is true, as rumoured, that Mr. Hall Caine, who is at present at Monte Carlo with Mr. Arthur Collins, has altered in his dramatic version of "The Prodigal Son" for Drury Lane Theatre the gambling incident. It will be remembered that in the novel there was some quaint play at baccarat at a South of France casino, but in the drama it is said that the gambling will take place in private rooms and the interest heightened by making the game a duel at cards.

Sir Henry Irving has had a pleasant time at Torquay, and derived much benefit from it. He has chosen Tennyson's "Becket" for his appearance at Drury Lane on the 29th inst., and I think it is a fortunate choice, for, to say nothing of the acting, Sir Henry looks magnificent as Becket, and the final scene displayed the dignity of the actor finely. When played at the Lyceum in 1893 the play made a great impression, all the more so because Sir Henry had given his valuable advice to the poet before the play came to the footlights. With Irving at Drury Lane we shall recall the "palmy days of the drama," when Kean, Kemble, Macready, and others were seen on the same boards.

"Les Petites Michel," an adaptation of which comic opera will shortly be seen at Daly's Theatre, was, it appears, given in Paris with great success before "Veroniqué." It was produced at the Bouffes-Parisians, and the manager, delighted with the work, commissioned the composer, M. Messager, and the authors, MM. Duval and Vaulos, to write another work of the kind, the result being "Veroniqué." As M. Messager is deservedly popular as the manager of the Royal Opera, Covent Garden, his ability and experience as a musician must be of the greatest value. M. Messager has also composed two other charming comic operas, "Madame Chrysanthème" and "La Bearnaise." The freshness and melodious quality of these works will be fully appreciated should they ever reach the London stage.

At the Pavilion and Collins' this week one of the most popular turns in an exceptionally attractive programme now being offered at these two halls will be Miss Nell Richardson in her song, "Echoes."

When Jumbo Junior first arrived at the Italian Circus Signor Volpi used to escort him twice daily around the audience, who naturally enough used to feed him with delicacies. Jumbo greatly appreciated these attentions, but became so loth to leave the ring and promenade that Signor Volpi eventually had to request Mr. Edwin Gilley, the popular manager, to step into the ring and appeal to the audience not to feed the animal during the performance. This was done, and after a few days little Jumbo began to associate the presence of Mr. Gilley with the absence of cakes. He revolved this over in his elephantine brain for some days, and finally, on Mr. Gilley entering the ring to make his customary announcement, Jumbo Junior trumpeted loudly, and charged the astonished manager with all his force. Ever since Jumbo has regarded Mr. Gilley with the greatest aversion, and invariably turns his back on him whenever that gentleman pays him a visit.

THE PROMPTER.

Photo, Stage Pictorial.

A Charming Picture of Miss Agnes Fraser and Mr. H. Lytton in "The Talk of the Town" at the Lyric.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

Tripe Soup.

Tripe soup is considered a great delicacy by many, and if prepared the day before it is to be served will be easily made by the average cook. Obtain two pounds of tripe, and having cleansed it thoroughly put it in a stew-pan with three quarts of cold water, and cook very slowly for nearly eight hours. Then stand it till next day, keeping the tripe in the broth. Cut the tripe into small pieces, return it to the strained stock, add two minced onions and two potatoes. Cook all slowly together for about an hour, then thicken the soup with one ounce of butter rubbed into one ounce of flour. Add a teacupful of cream, some chopped parsley, pepper and salt to taste, just before serving. Half a dozen scalded oysters, cut into pieces, may be added as a variety.

Baked Sole with White Wine.

First butter a baking dish, and on it lay two soles of equal size, trimmed to a neat shape. Have some stock freed from fat, add a gill of it to the same quantity of white wine, and pour over the fish so as to cover it. Place a piece of buttered paper on the top and bake for twenty minutes. Dissolve a lump of butter, weighing about one ounce, in a stew pan, thicken it with a tablespoonful of flour, strain this into the liquor from the fish, adding a little more stock if necessary. Add half-a-dozen chopped and scalded mushrooms, and stir over the fire till the sauce is cooked. Throw in some finely chopped parsley, and season with Nepaul pepper and salt to taste. Place the fish upon a hot dish, and pour white sauce over. Garnish with quarters of cut lemon and serve hot.

Things Worth Remembering.

An obstinate person does not hold opinions, but is held by them.

Some folks think more of what you wear, and seem to have, than what you are.

Those who wait till they can do some important work will probably spend their days in waiting.

Many people have been ruined by trying to be someone else rather than themselves.

Baked Bananas.

Select large ripe bananas, cut off all stalk, and put on a piece of buttered paper in a steady even. Bake slowly till the skins begin to split, then remove all the skin, put the fruit on an *entrée* dish, and garnish with stiffly-beaten cream. Scatter over glacé cherries.

Two Rich Cakes.

1. One pound each of flour, butter, caster sugar, sultanas, three-quarters of a pound of currants, half a pound of minced peel, and a teaspoonful of minced cinnamon. Cream the butter and sugar well together, then add six well-beaten eggs, and a glass of brandy. Sift in gradually the dry ingredients, beat all together, and bake in a moderate oven for two hours and a half. When cold put a layer of almond paste over and ice. 2. Cream together three ounces of caster sugar and three ounces of butter, then add three well-beaten eggs. When thoroughly beaten, sift in gradually half a pound of flour, a teaspoonful of baking powder, the grated rind of an orange. Beat all thoroughly. Place in a greased tin and bake for an hour in a quick oven. Then ice.

The Gentle Art of being Agreeable.

The secret of the art of being agreeable is to appear to be entirely happy in whatever society one finds oneself and to seem well entertained, rather than to be desirous of entertaining others. A woman who gives this impression may not be clever, but she is sure to have a tactful, kindly nature, and a genial manner, which will make a far pleasanter impression on other people's minds than would the brightest of wit without these qualifications.

A sympathetic listener is always appreciated, and the girl who is that need not be troubled that she has no great conversational powers. This fact will as likely as not entirely escape notice, for she will draw others out to tell their thoughts and experiences, and her kindly and interested comments on what they say will, with the talkers at any rate, soon gain her the reputation of being a most pleasant conversationalist. Being agreeable assuredly consists very largely in being a good listener, and that is an art which everyone can cultivate.

How to Guard against Colds.

Remember that sunshine and air build up the health, and do more to defend one from colds than all the doctors and their physics.

People cannot live in hermetically-sealed boxes, and those who sleep with their windows slightly open generally suffer less from colds and headaches than those who carefully exclude the air.

Don't accustom yourself to too great carefulness about draughts. If you do, you are sure to take cold whenever—and it won't be seldom—sitting or standing in a draught for a few minutes is unavoidable. Dress yourself sensibly with an all-wool covering next your skin, and then, unless you are an invalid, live an ordinary life of small risks like your neighbours. Thus you will enjoy the best health and consequent happiness.

How to Treat Wet Boots.

When a man comes home with wet boots he usually takes them off and puts them in the fender to dry, or he stands them, soles downwards, any where out of the way.

Both these methods are wrong. The first spoils the boots and the second injures their wearer. Leather which is put too close to the fire hardens and cracks, and boots which are stood on their soles have not a chance of drying in reasonable time.

The proper thing to do on taking off wet boots is to place them, soles upwards, near enough to the fire to slowly dry, but not close enough to steam during the process.

If one has boot-trees it is well to use them when the boots are half dry; it is useless to use them when the leather is thoroughly sodden if the boots are to be worn the next day.

When one has been out in mud or rain and has made one's boots even a little wet, one should always turn up their soles to the air, in order that the air may reach the wettest parts, and dry them as soon as possible.

A charming picture of MISS NELL RICHARDSON, who sings the new popular song "Echoes" at the Pavilion.

SPLENDID SUCCESS OF "ANTIPON."

CAPS ALL CURES FOR CORPULENCE.

The wonderful success of "Antipon" is not only due to its proved value as a really permanent cure for obesity, but also to its remarkable tonic properties. The combination of qualities is unique: "Antipon" reduces weight and increases strength at one and the same time. Unlike the dangerous remedies once so widely used, it does not decrease the muscular, as well as the adipose, tissue. On the contrary, our stout readers should know that in the condition of obesity the muscles are not only surrounded by excessive fat, but are impregnated by fatty particles; hence they become flabby and weak, and the limbs unshapely. Now, in absorbing and removing all this superfluous fat, "Antipon" helps to strengthen and solidify the muscular tissue, and make the limbs firm and well moulded. How different is this from the exhausting and starving methods once in vogue—methods made still more injurious by the addition of mineral drugging. "Antipon" requires that the body be properly nourished. Good, sound, wholesome food is "Antipon's" only ally.

Disagreeable dietary and other restrictions are out of the question. Feed up, make rich pure blood, increase nerve power—that is what you must do, and what "Antipon" makes you do. After a few doses the appetite will be much keener, and the digestive powers greatly improved. The larger amount of nutritious food properly digested and assimilated will soon increase strength and vitality, while the gradual absorption of the superabundant and unhealthy fat is going on satisfactorily — not only the uncomely surface fat, but the dangerous internal accumulations that jeopardise life itself, by clinging round the vital organs. The muscles of the heart may become flabby with fat, just the same as the muscles of the arm. "Antipon" soon dispels the enemy, and restores the balance of health. The breathing becomes easier, and the distress after exertion is no longer felt. The great weight-reducing power of "Antipon" is apparent from the very first day, for within twenty-four hours of taking the first dose there is a reduction ranging from 8 oz. to 3 lb. or more, consistently followed by a daily decrease until normal weight and correct proportions are restored. Then the doses may cease; it will be found that the cure is complete and permanent, because the "Antipon" treatment destroys the tendency to the formation of excessive fat. Hence its marvellous success and popularity. New life and buoyant spirits, graceful movement, an elastic step, a bright, clear complexion, and a pure skin; these, with restored beauty of form and figure, are the blessings conferred by a course of "Antipon," without the slightest discomfort or inconvenience or any departure from one's ordinary manner of living. "Antipon" is of pure and harmless herbal ingredients, a perfect liquid tonic and fat-absorbent. Hundreds of grateful men and women have written thanking the "Antipon" Company for the permanent benefits they have received from this remarkable remedy.

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P.I.P. FARMER AND GARDENER.

Layering and Propagation.

I am indebted to the editor of that excellent new publication, *The Garden Home*, for an illustration showing how propagation can be brought about by layering. The latter is now a very common method of growing plants, and in nurseries often every shoot of a tree or shrub suitable for the operation is pegged down. The central root is called a stole, from the verb "to stole," which means the power most deciduous trees have of sending up new stems from their base when cut down. The seasons for performing the operation of layering are during the months of February and March, before the sap begins to rise, or in June or July, after all the summer supply of ascending sap has risen, as at these seasons there is no danger of injuring the tree by occasioning an overflow of the ascending sap, which sometimes takes place when the tree is wounded while the sap is in active motion. In most cases the layers are left on twelve months before they are divided from the parent plant, in order that they may be sufficiently supplied with roots. In nurseries the ground is generally prepared round each stool by digging, and sometimes by manuring, and the gardener flatters himself on laying down the branches neatly, so as to form a radiated circle round the stool, with the ends rising all round about the same height.

LAYERING AND PROPAGATION.

A Beautiful Lilium.

The bulb inquired about by my Cambridgeshire correspondent is that of brownii chlomster, a lovely and rare lily from Western China. It is a handsome variation of the type, and differs from most of the varieties in being shorter and more expanded or funnel-shaped. When the flowers first open they are of a pleasing yellow colour, but as the tube expands it becomes clear white on the outside, while retaining the yellow shade inside. There are also slight reddish-brown markings on the exterior. The leaves are narrower and more numerous than in the other varieties.

On Meadow Grass.

So much interest is taken in the paragraph which was lately given on meadow grass, and particularly that part describing certain varieties of grass, that I now give another note. The Meadow Fescue, a good, useful variety, will grow anywhere, but it prefers a cool soil, not flooded. This contributes most abundantly to the herbage of all rich, natural pastures; it is early, very productive, and highly nutritious, makes excellent hay, and though of large growth it does not form rank tufts. The leaves are tender and succulent, and much relished by cattle. The Meadow Fescue does not arrive at maturity from seed as soon as Rye Grass, Cocks Foot, or Fox Tail; therefore it is not quite so suitable for alternate husbandry, but for permanent pasture it is most valuable. The hay crop should, if possible, always be cut when it is in flower.

It was formerly a common opinion that if a meadow were broken up and laid down again, or if new lands were laid down to permanent pasture, it would take twenty years to attain its best; this was pretty nearly the truth by the old mode, for that was to sow the sweepings of the hay-loft, adding some clovers, and perhaps some rye-grass—the latter excellent kinds in a mixture, the former little better than weeds, because when grass is cut for hay not one of the best kinds has ripened its seed. The consequence was that not one of the best permanent grasses was supplied artificially. Then if one considers the opposition these better kinds meet in overcoming the coarse but less permanent weeds, like Yorkshire, Fog, Lop, and other Broom Grasses (almost the only kinds the hay-loft produced), it is easier to believe that the best sorts, indigenous to the soil, would be very slow in forming a thick close turf.

There are thousands of acres that do not produce half the grass they ought, arising from a deficiency of the best and most productive kinds; and if anyone possessing a meadow of this kind were to pare and burn the turf so as to eradicate the weeds, sow a root crop so as to get the land in the best possible tilth, and afterwards lay down a proper selection of the better natural grasses, it would repay the expense and trouble sevenfold.

When we consider the short time that is necessary for the full development of a grass plant on the very small space allotted to it in a pasture, it is obvious that by sowing a proper selection and due quantity of permanent natural grass seed on land free from weeds, two years will suffice to obtain a far better sward than twenty years could produce without this seeding.

In order to make newly-laid pasture more profitable, it is the best economy to give a good dressing of farmyard manure annually until a close firm turf is formed; or, better still, basic slag.

Spring is decidedly the best time for sowing grass seeds, and April the best month; it is undoubtedly best sown without a corn crop, but when sown with corn barley is the least injurious. The grass should be sown directly the corn is in, and in no case should more than two bushels of corn be sown to the acre, or many of the finer sorts will inevitably perish. When sown in autumn the clovers are apt to be destroyed, but this can always be remedied by sowing again a little more in the thin places.

Poultry Notes.

There is less profit in half-starved hens than in those too fat.

The crocodile, the chicken, and the ostrich, take pebbles with their food to aid in grinding it.

The qualifications for a successful poultryman are patience, perseverance, pluck, enterprise, and capital.

If you do not love your poultry well enough to give them the proper care, you had better go out of business.

If there is any tendency to looseness of the bowels among poultry, give them coal ashes to pick over. This will correct it.

To cure feather pulling, wash the feathers of the victim birds with a mixture made by dissolving powdered aloes in alcohol.

When roup or some contagious disease attacks the flock, not only is it best to destroy the fowls rather than to spend days or weeks in the attempt to cure them, but the entire premises should also be disinfected. This may be done in several ways, but the cheapest method is to dissolve one pound each of copperas and bluestone in four gallons of boiling water, then add six gallons of cold water, and sprinkle or spray the house and yards.

If the hens refuse readily to accept wheat or corn, make a change for them by parching the grain. Oats are excellent when parched, and so is corn or wheat. Any change will prove beneficial where the food is but little varied. Very often a change from grain to sunflower seed will induce laying, and a change back to grain will also be relished. In the meantime give a ration of meat and bone, and also allow skim milk if it is plentiful.

What is a Batch of Eggs.

When writing on the subject of fertilisation some time ago Dr. H. B. Greene said: ". . . A batch of eggs numbers as many as a hen would lay to form a nest. In the case of a fowl there is no reason to suppose that this could not be as many as twenty. Certainly twenty ova are frequently attached to the ovary at the same time of different sizes and stages of development." Naturally the number forming a batch varies not only with breeds, but with individual hens at different seasons, and with various methods of feeding. A batch can, as a rule, be easily determined, for the hen or pullet having finished it takes a few days' rest. Before poultry-keeping was so far advanced as to enable people to distinguish between sitters and non-sitters, when fowls were allowed to breed and lay as they pleased, one generally found that the batch would consist of from six to even sixteen eggs; such a number would be deposited in one nest that could be covered by the hen herself for the purpose of hatching. It is common now for a hen or pullet of a sitting breed to lay a batch and then become broody. The difficulty arises when the hen lays on alternate days, for then she perhaps only misses two days between the batches; or when she lays as many as eighty eggs in a like number of days without any break whatever.

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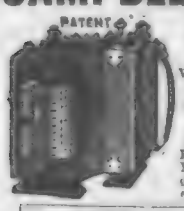

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CHAPTER II.—*Continued.*

THE SPARK.

"No—don't understand their jabber—don't want to. English is good enough for me. What was it?"

"Something about setting a train on fire—a spark to powder, I have a terrible suspicion; but I dare hardly mention it. I should be laughed at! I wonder if they mean to make these unemployed rise up and give trouble, just to answer their own purposes? You know what father has so often said on the subject?"

"I know that the dear old man is a perfect crank on secret societies and invasion and anarchists and goodness knows what," replied Grenville.

"Why, if we paid any heed to him we should believe that every dark doorway and every cellar sheltered a sort of German Guy Fawkes! Don't you worry. There's nothing in it—and if there was, do you suppose we'd care a hang? It's too ridiculous! Why, even if there was a rising of the aliens, as the old man imagines, the police themselves could crush the mischief out. They wouldn't want either the Navy or the Army! A thing like that is just a matter for the bobbies!"

He spoke in low and comforting tones, and in the growing turmoil about them no one heard or heeded his remarks.

"Hallo!" he exclaimed. "What's up! By Jove, that spiked moustached fellow's gone too far! They're hammering him. Hang it, I must see fair play—there's no policemen handy. They can't shove through."

He stepped into the roadway, for Steel and the gunner, who had fallen into their places again, had retaliated upon Mahler and his companion, who had roughly pushed against them in their efforts to cross the road.

Mahler knocked Steel violently against the gunner, and Steel, smarting under a sense of his wrongs and sufferings, and forgetful of all things except that this assailant belonged to the foreigners who, as he believed, were responsible for his miseries and privations, struck Mahler savagely.

The blow was wildly aimed, and had no special target, but it alighted on the scarred cheek. The weals, which had been red, became like the rest of the features, livid.

Instantly the blow was followed by a general onslaught—a simultaneous rush upon Mahler and his friend, not so much with the intention of hurting them as of hustling them.

"You shall smart for this, you dogs!" declared Mahler passionately.

For the moment he was unmindful of the country in which he spoke and the men to whom his remarks were addressed.

"Come, come, sir," said Grenville pacifically, but warningly. "You've run up against the raw edge of a rough crowd, and you can't expect white-gloved behaviour from it. They're unemployed and starving men and in no mood for gentle treatment. Shall I give you a lift across the road? Make way there, lads," he cried.

"Not for foreigners!" shouted Steel. "This road's as much ours as theirs!"

"And a dashed sight more!" declared the gunner.

"Let's play shuttlecock an' battledore with 'em!" shouted a coster in the rear rank. "Shoot 'em into the gutter an' man'andle 'em on to the Park! Then let 'em find their way 'ome! Play up, guv'nor," he added, addressing Grenville, who stood irresolute in the roadway, baffled by this awkward and unexpected development.

"Steady there!" he exclaimed angrily, as an ugly rush was made, and Mahler and Schussler were pushed violently against him. "You'd better be careful, or the police will be on you!"

"Stow your jaw!" cried the coster. "We don't want no sermons! If it comes to that, lads, give 'im socks, too! He's one of the blessed toffs that's brought us all to this! It isn't good enough!"

"You'll have to shove through yourselves—I'm very sorry!" said Grenville, addressing Mahler. "The crowd isn't a in very cheerful temper."

"This could not happen in any country but yours!" cried Mahler hotly.

"Gratitude doesn't seem to be your chief failing," retorted Grenville, who was renowned as a sailor and for the quickness of his temper and the generosity of his nature. "Look after yourselves then, please!"

He flushed as he spoke and turned to rejoin his wife. But he was surrounded by angry men, and to regain the pavement seemed impossible. Nor could he see his wife, who at that moment was being carried forward by the crowd towards the west.

"Make way, there!" he cried authoritatively. But the only answer to his order was a shout of wild laughter.

"Give 'em socks, all of 'em!" cried the coster. "They're all swells—an' so there isn't a pin to choose between 'em! It's time they came down an' we went up! Change is good for everybody!"

He led a charge against Mahler and Schussler, and the two men were severely hustled. They were pushed hither and thither by a quickly growing crowd which was losing all restraint.

Grenville, too, was badly bruised, for he insisted upon making a hopeless attempt to pilot the two foreigners across the road and into a quiet side street.

Suddenly he received a smart blow on the cheek from an unseen source. It was followed by another, and before he could restrain himself he had almost instinctively struck back, and wildly.

Instantly he realised that he had committed a serious blunder. The blow had fallen on Mahler's scarred cheek.

"Good old British toff!" shouted the coster. "He's on our side, after all. Look at the way 'e's lootin' the foreigners. Go it!"

"I'm awfully sorry!" stammered Grenville, addressing Mahler. "It was quite an accident! I was simply warding off a blow, as I thought!"

Mahler did not answer. At that moment another wild charge was made upon them, and he and Schussler and Grenville were in the middle of a struggling and desperate crowd.

Suddenly a cry was raised by the coster. "The bobbies!" he said. "An' mounted, too! Look out!"

There were furious shouts as the dense crowd parted, and the mounted police rode through the opened ranks. The riders said nothing; their purpose was to break and scatter the procession and clear the road, which was now blocked as far as the eye could see both east and west. The road was a solid mass of crowded 'buses, laden waggons, and carts of every sort; motors, traction engines, cabs, and private carriages. Business in the shops was at a temporary standstill, and from nearly every window heads were craned, watching the growing storm.

The mounted police were followed by a number of constables on foot, and at the sight of them the fury of the crowd broke out afresh. The coster led a sudden and overwhelming onslaught upon them, and Grenville, Mahler, and Schussler were borne irresistibly along.

At such a time there is no opportunity for the policeman to carry out in practice the theories which in the hours of peace have been carefully inculcated for his guidance. There were few policemen and many rioters, for so the unemployed now appeared to be.

The constables made wild efforts at repression, then indiscriminate arrests, and before Grenville realised what was happening he was firmly grasped by two policemen, and Mahler was rapidly and excitedly accusing him of being a ringleader of the trouble.

Grenville was too much amazed to speak; but he recognised the need of patient submission, and without resistance he accompanied his captors as they forced their way through the crowd and into a side street. It was in a sort of dream that he allowed himself to be conducted, in the heart of a surging, swaying, excited crowd to the nearest police-station, and it was not until he was actually in the charge-office in the company of his accuser, the police, and several men who had been arrested in the procession that he attempted to say anything on his own behalf.

But before he spoke the door was burst open, and his wife—his bride of the morning—was standing at his side. Her face was pale, her heart was beating quickly, and she was a prey to an unknown fear; but she scorned to show her emotion, and in calm and almost natural tones desired to know what had happened.

Grenville was himself again. He laughed as he replied—

"There is some absurd and extraordinary mistake. I was trying to do this gentleman a good turn, and the next I knew was that I was dragged into a vulgar street brawl. But the worst of it is, this gentleman accuses me of being the cause of it!"

"You!" she exclaimed, with ineffable scorn. "You! Captain Hermann Mahler!"

Captain Hermann Mahler did not answer—he did not even look; but there was a smile of peculiar triumph on his face.

"Come," said the inspector on duty, very quietly. "We can't have private matters discussed just at present. What's the charge?" He addressed the senior policeman amongst the captors.

"Well, sir," answered the constable, "it looks like riot; but this young gentleman and these men"—he pointed to the prisoners—"were fighting and creating a disturbance. This is the gentleman who knows most about it." He inclined his head towards Mahler.

"I am sorry to say that I was assaulted," said Mahler. "This is what has been done!" He pointed to his livid scars.

"Those weren't done to-day," answered the inspector. He had had much to do with foreigners officially, and was no lover of them. If there had been no aliens to deal with his duties would have been much lighter—and distinctly pleasanter. That was his own private opinion. And the opinion was shared by some of the London police magistrates, too.

"Captain Mahler is an officer and a gentleman," interposed Schussler angrily. "He has a right to speak, and to have his word believed!"

"Perhaps—in Germany; but we're in London now," said the inspector, still quietly. "And if you'll speak when you're spoken to, sir, we shall get on quicker." He was making notes all the time on a sheet of paper.

"I certainly did strike somebody," Grenville admitted frankly; "but the last thing in the world I meant to do was to hit this gentleman. The whole thing is a ludicrous mistake."

For some minutes the inspector was very busy asking further questions and writing down replies. He looked with an unfavourable eye on Mahler.

"I suppose I can go now?" said Grenville, with a sigh of relief. "And I suppose I shall be summoned? It is intensely annoying." He laughed, but the laugh was strangely unlike his own, which was full and joyous ordinarily.

"I'm very sorry, sir, but you'll have to be detained for the present," answered the inspector.

"But why? I must rejoin my ship to-night!" exclaimed Grenville. "I am positively ordered—and I have to get to Portsmouth, too!"

"Sorry, sir," replied the inspector, whom nothing seemed to disturb or excite; "but this matter's already got beyond a simple assault. Listen!"

There was perfect silence for a moment. They listened, the whole body of them, and through the open window, borne on the hot air, rising beyond the roar of the traffic, was another and stranger roar—the cries of an infuriated mob.

"What in the world does it mean?" asked Grenville, in astonishment.

"It means, sir," answered the inspector, still quite placidly, "that the procession of the unemployed has grown into a desperate and dangerous mob, and that they're having it out with the policemen in the streets! I daresay we shall have to look a long way ahead before we can see the end of it. We've been expecting something of this sort. Will you wait there until you can arrange about bail and so on?"

"Certainly," answered Grenville. His brown face seemed to be quite pale, and his heart was beating far more quickly than was normal; but he straightened himself out, threw his head back and squared his jaws, as he looked unflinchingly towards his accuser, whose face was still averted.

"It's all right," he whispered hoarsely to his wife. "I shall put everything trim and in shipshape before to-night. They cannot detain me—it is impossible! Send Bart along at once, and I shall tell him what we've done—unless you're ashamed to let your brother know that you are the wife of a—a—well, rioter, I suppose, and breaker of laws!"

He bent down, just a little, for she was nearly as tall as he was himself, and kissed her.

"Ashamed," she murmured, in reply. "I meant to keep it secret, as we arranged, until father forgave you and agreed to our marriage, but I will drive home as hard as I can, and tell him all—and—and—I will brave it out, even if I am forced to leave the house and earn my own living as a domestic servant!"

"Spoken like a sailor's wife!" he declared. "By George! You'd put heart of grace into a foreigner, if that were possible!"

The bride suddenly turned towards the man who had preferred the charge against her beloved. She regarded him steadily, mercilessly, and there was that in her gaze which compelled him, bold though he was, to hang his head and avert his look.

"So—I am right," she said at [illegible] "I thought I could not be mistaken when I saw you in the street! I have seen those scars before! And I know your story! They are not all on the cheek, Captain Mahler. There is [illegible] on your shoulder-blade—and it was not received when you were facing your opponent, was it? At least, so they said when I met you at [illegible] Embassy ball—where, thank God, [illegible] declined the honour of a dance with you!"

There was unutterable scorn in her tone and manner as she swept from him as if his mere presence was pollution.

"I—I—am truly and profoundly grieved!" he stammered. "I did not know that this hot-tempered young sailor was a friend of the daughter of Lord Harden. If I had known I would have——"

"Friend!" she interrupted fully, with glowing eyes. "He husband!"

"You look annoyed," comme Schussler, when the bride had out of the police-station, and driving rapidly towards the W inflexible in her determination to known her marriage.

"Annoyed!" snapped Mahler. there is one thing needed to co my hate of these English people this! And she is married to a pen sailor—a man who is only the son bankrupt baronet!"

"Ah! then," said the friend, malignant sympathy. "I see. yourself loved her!"

CHAPTER III.

THE SPREADING FIRE.

"AND you have really married! It was a thin, hard old man, le against the mantelpiece of a Gro Square drawing-room, who spoke

The girl whom he addressed w daughter. She looked at him def as she answered: "Yes, I really have!"

"In spite of all I have said co ing him?"

"Yes."

"That is to say you have delib disobeyed your father?"

"You put it harshly," was the

"I suppose," continued the old with a sneer, "that he is h round the corner, waiting to be in?"

"No."

"Gone back to his ship? W sublime regard for duty!"

"Not even that."

"Perhaps he is hobnobbing w registrar, or playing the fool wi

clowns who witnessed this farce of a marriage!" snarled this remarkably outspoken parent.

"No—at this moment he is practically under lock and key! He is at a police-station!" There was a piteous look in the speaker's eyes.

The old man prided himself on his impassiveness; but even he was taken aback. He started forward, and his face asked the question which he was too proud to put into words.

"A bullying foreigner alleges that Dick assaulted—struck—him," continued the daughter, almost hopefully.

"Like a common prize-fighter!" commented his lordship. "He is a true son of his father, and his father's ungovernable temper is a byword in decent society. It got him turned out of the Army, and the son, I am sure, will be sent about his business from the Navy. And he is your husband! My son-in-law!" He laughed harshly.

"He is my husband!" repeated the bride. There was a pause before she added, "Have you no pity—no mercy?"

"Not for some people," was the reply "and he is one of them. His views are wrong, his outlook on life is erroneous. He has contradicted and thwarted me on every occasion. I have forbidden him my house—and he has retaliated by stealing my daughter! Well, as we make our beds, so we lie on them! Where are you going to live? Oh, I see—you were to keep the marriage secret and remain at home, and in the fulness of time, when he could afford it, you were going to spring the matter on me? Just like they do in silly books! But now that he is a prisoner the case is different. Well, I will give you your choice. You can stay on at home here, as you were, forgetting what you have been indiscreet enough to do this morning, and forgetting that you ever saw this man; or you can accept such a home as he can give you!"

"He is my husband!" she answered simply. "It is not two hours since I swore to love, honour, and obey him."

"Well?"

"I am going to keep my word! The Marscanxs pride themselves on never breaking it."

The old man rang a bell, and a staid man obediently appeared.

"Mrs. Grenville—my daughter—is leaving the house this morning," said the old man grimly.

"Yes, my lord," replied the servant.

"Mrs. Grenville will give you all necessary further orders," added the peer.

The man silently withdrew.

"Father!" said the girl, going up to him, and putting an appealing hand on his arm. "Do you realise what you are doing? That you are turning your only daughter out of your house?"

"You've made your choice!" was the hard reply. "You knew how I hated that man!"

"Unjustly!" she exclaimed. "Utterly unjustly! And you will live to know it!"

"Then I shall attain a green old age," he retorted.

"You've never given him a hearing!" continued the daughter, with rising anger.

"He has never given me a chance to say anything. He is a born fire-brand, like his father!"

"He has certainly been the innocent means of lighting a fire in England this morning that will take a great deal of putting out!" she continued recklessly. "You have often said you would desire a son-in-law who should do something to attract attention. You have got one!"

Lord Harden turned slowly towards his daughter. There was a slight flush on his thin pale face. "I do not follow you," he said.

"In the House of Lords," continued the bride, "you have incessantly talked of the alien peril, of the danger to the country of the unrestricted flow of immigrants into it."

"I have," admitted the peer, with kindling eyes. "And I have spoken because I know it to be the truth."

"You have said that you believed London to be absolutely net-woven with secret societies, and that there is a vast foreign powder-train which only needs a spark at any time to fire it."

"Yes—I have said that," he replied with growing interest.

"Well, the spark has flashed—the fire has broken out, and Dick was in at the start! He was present unwillingly; but he was there, and in it all the same!" There was a ring of triumphant pride in her tones.

"How do you know this?" demanded the old man.

"Because the inspector at the station said as much, because I know now why Captain Mahler has been so long in London; I know of his people's plans for an outbreak at any time, and I know that as soon as they care to give the signal there will be a general uprising of the worst aliens in London! I know all that—I have found it out!"

"And you have found it out because——"

"Because I am a woman, and was curious enough to listen to what two men were saying in the street!"

"And who put you on to this subject—which is not one that a woman usually cares for?" asked Lord Harden after a pause.

"You did!" was the unexpected answer. "I have read all your speeches in the paper!"

There was a curious catch in the old man's voice as he replied, "But I thought you were not interested in either me or my work?"

"That was because you never encouraged me or gave me a chance of letting you know that I was, father!"

She had approached him, and put her arms round his neck before he was aware of her intention, and almost before he gathered the purport of what he had said the strange and proud old man had forgiven his wilful daughter. It was his constant boast that he put his patriotism before any other private or personal consideration.

"And you will see that he is set at liberty?" she demanded delightedly.

"I will do my best," he answered, with a grim appreciation of his sudden change of front.

"And you would not have liked me to leave you and the house?" she continued.

"Well," he admitted, "I would rather you stayed—if only for the sake of appearances. People, even the best-bred people, will talk. And the better bred they are sometimes the worse their talk is."

The door silently opened and the man reappeared.

"Mrs. Grenville is not leaving this morning," the peer announced, and the impassive servant answered, "No, my lord," quite as if he had expected it.

"If Lieutenant Grenville calls he is to be shown into my study."

"Yes, my lord." The servant still spoke without emotion, although his last order had been to show Lieutenant Grenville the quickest way down the doorsteps.

"I suppose," said his lordship with a sour smile, when the man had disappeared, "that if you could have foreseen this trouble you would have postponed your wedding?"

"Well—no—father! I cannot say that. I am so happy—and you would not wish me to postpone any pleasure, I am sure!"

"Your mother would have said the same—and done it!" said the peer resignedly. "Now I am going down to the club to hear the news."

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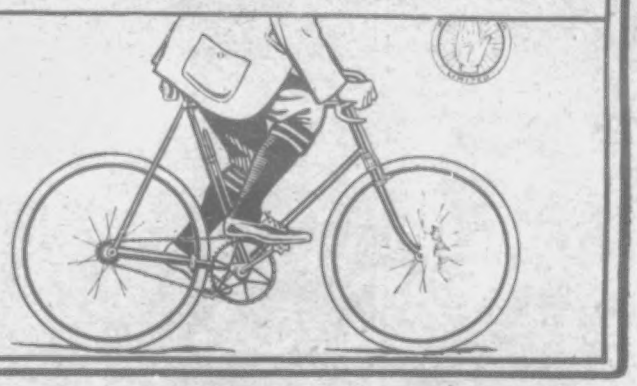

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"But you will see to Dick first, father?" said the bride hastily and pleadingly.

The peer hesitated a moment, then laughed a little, and answered "Yes."

When he drove away it was to Whitehall, and the personage he saw was the First Lord of the Admiralty, a lifelong friend.

"I cannot give you more than five minutes if you were my own father," said the First Lord briskly. "So have your say."

"There is a young naval officer, Richard Grenville, in trouble," said the peer. "It is really a very small matter—but he is detained by the police."

"Yes," answered the First Lord readily. "The circumstances have been already reported to me. We are moving quickly nowadays. But what do you want?"

"I want him to be set at liberty!" replied the peer.

The First Lord raised his eyebrows. "But I am afraid the matter is one for the Civil authorities—at any rate, just now."

"Civil authorities be hanged!" exclaimed Lord Harden, in unparliamentary fashion. "You know you can't stick at trifles and red tape at a time like this. They tell me that Oxford Street is a scene of wild riot, and that the direct cause is this alien bother that so many people have refused to take any notice of and so many more have said 'Pooh!' to when you've warned them of the risks we run. It's become a very serious business."

"Yes; but I do not anticipate any far-reaching results from it. The police will soon deal with the business, and the magistrates will make an example of the wrongdoers," replied the first Lord. "But to get back to your subject. What special interest have you in this Lieutenant Grenville?"

"He is my son-in-law!" replied Lord Harden.

It was the First Lord's turn to make an unparliamentary observation.

"But—but—I never heard of the engagement," he said.

"No, more did I," rejoined the peer frankly. "But I will tell you later. Can this thing I ask be done? Can he be set free? Gracious! After all, he only struck an alien!"

"I will see what can be done," the First Lord promised, somewhat scandalised.

"Come," said Lord Harden firmly, "this is no time for 'seeing.' We must act. Let the thing be worked before I go. If you want the lad for punishment, you've always got him, and can lay hands on him. Can he be set free?"

"I think so—yes," answered the First Lord, slowly. "After all, there seems to be some mistake, or at least unnecessary zeal on the part of the police."

"One word," whispered the peer, as he rose to leave. "I know I'm considered to be a monomaniac, whose pet fear is invasion. I'm not afraid, but—is the Fleet ready?"

The First Lord whispered back with a smile. "Yes, the Fleet is quite ready!"

"Just one word more," said Lord Harden. "Let us be thankful that in these past years Germany—for there is where the trouble lies—has shown her hand so plainly! Bismarck would have been more cunning. But, at any rate, we shall not be working in the dark. We shall know what we have to deal with."

With this he left, and the First Lord, still smiling, murmured, "Extraordinary crank! Quite mad! What a preposterous fad he has! After all, there is no reason why a purely civil tumult should disturb us—though I know it is both annoying and un-English. Confound their labour troubles!"

Lord Harden returned to Grosvenor Square with a heavy heart, oppressed by gloomy forebodings, for the disturbance in Oxford Street had even now assumed dangerous proportions. Already shops were being wrecked and plundered, and those which were still safe were being closed and secured against any possible attack. Banks were hurriedly closing their doors, and their windows were being barricaded by carpenters. In one of these establishments a few determined clerks were standing, revolver in hand, and with the bitterness of hopeless disappointment on their features, for there was no ammunition for the weapons!

Unnumbered swarms of men had come from all the purlieus of London. Soho had sent its unclean hordes to swell the crowd of decent unemployed; Tottenham Court Road was alive with aliens who knew no country and acknowledged no laws, making ready to swoop upon any available plunder; and from the East, particularly Stepney, to which the news of the uprising had spread, there came trooping regiments of men and youths and girls and women. All were converging upon one place, and that was the neighbourhood of Oxford Circus, the centre of the first outbreak.

By nightfall there had been repeated collisions between the crowd and the police, the Riot Act had been read in various places, and every available constable had been put on duty. The cells were filling rapidly and ambulances were carrying injured people to the hospitals.

Suddenly, from various points along Oxford Street, there ascended dense volumes of smoke, and then the sky became lurid with red flames. Fire-engines, horsed and hand-escapes, and salvage corps tenders tore hither and thither, bewildered by multitudinous demands. There were "brigade" calls from every part of London, but it was impossible to deal with all the outbursts simultaneously, and in the most urgent cases all that was attempted was to keep the fire from spreading.

"And they call this riot!" groaned Lord Harden in his study, when he had said "Good-bye," and Grenville, with a farewell kiss for his bride, had hurried away to join his ship. "Riot!" he repeated bitterly. "There is only one word for it—and that is hell!"

CHAPTER IV.

The Plan of War.

In the backroom of a house in Soho a meeting was being held simultaneously with the growing disorder in Oxford Street.

Only half a dozen men were present. Each was dressed as a workman, and for their present purpose the thin disguise was enough, although a passing glance was sufficient to show that not one of the six was what he pretended to be.

The leader was Captain Mahler, and the other five were also German officers. They formed what was known in certain high German quarters as the Committee of Secret Preparations. Their purpose was simple and definite—to make England ready for invasion and capture. The meeting had been in progress for some time. Mahler and Schussler had joined it after leaving the police-station.

"When we strike it must be at the heart—and the heart is London!"

It was Captain Mahler who spoke, and as he uttered the words, the weals on his face once more became livid. He spoke confidently, for he knew that he was in a dwelling which was as safe a gathering place as any which could have been found in London. There were no police to watch their movements, no detectives to ferret out their objects. Even they, in a free country, aliens all, were as untrammelled as if they had been the native-born Englishman whom it was their deliberate purpose to supplant.

"And when will London be ready for the death-wound?" asked a dark, silent man named Captain Roon.

"She is ready now. At last!" replied Mahler. "And could there be a better beginning than this riot?" There was a gleam of exultation in his eyes. "Listen," he continued passionately, "we have reached the culmination of the work which we have been doing since the glorious and victorious war with France. Until then we were satisfied to be a leading power amongst the Continental nations. But we have changed all that! We must be a great Colonial Power, and we can do it only by taking the place of Great Britain! We have done well in Asia Minor and Brazil, with better fortune we could have had South Africa. If we did not succeed it was not for want of planting poison! We have increased our wealth enormously and our population is rapidly becoming too large for Germany. There must be an outlet for our surplus riches and people—and the outlet is in the Empire in whose capital we stand. And only here! There is no other way!"

"You would come into the very lion's den?" asked Roon. "You would walk into the very jaws of the brute?"

"Yes," said Mahler unhesitatingly.

"What of the British Army?" asked Roon.

Mahler laughed with bitter contempt.

(To be continued).

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Y UTI (Nottingham).—A person attains his majority when he is twenty-one years of age. It is incorrect to speak of that particular day as the twenty-first birthday; it is really the twenty-first anniversary of the birthday, and the twenty-second birthday, as the day of birth was the first birthday.

HARBIN.—Your best plan would be to ask the Secretary of the Parish Council you mention to give you the information you want. A great deal depends upon the by-laws of the Council.

VETERAN.—The British Empire has an area of 11,876,745 square miles. European Russia and Asiatic Russia combined have an area of 8,879,044 square miles.

CURIOUS.—Mr. C. M. Alexander, of the Torry-Alexander Mission, was married a few months ago to Miss Helen Cadbury.

THE COLISEUM, Charing Cross. FOUR PERFORMANCES DAILY, at 12 noon, 3 o'clock, 6 o'clock, and 9 o'clock. TWO ALTERNATE PROGRAMMES. All seats in all parts are numbered and reserved. Stamped addressed envelopes should accompany all postal applications for seats. Telegrams: "Coliseum, London." Tel. Nos.: 7639 Gerrard for Boxes, £2 2s. and £1 1s., 4s., 3s., and 2s. seats, and 7639 Gerrard for 1s. and 6d. seats. Children under twelve half price to all Stalls.

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9 GUINEAS.—American Organ ("Santley" model), 11 stops, including 2 knee stops, and the beautiful solo stops, vox celeste and vox humana, 2-octave couplers, handsome high case, in use about four months; 20 years' warranty; easy terms arranged; on approval; packing and carriage free both ways; full price paid will be allowed within three years if exchanged for higher-class instrument.—D'Almaine and Co. (established 120 years), 91 Finsbury-pavement, City. Open till 7. Saturdays 3.

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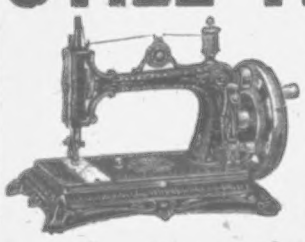

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